The Open Cour

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and th Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXVI (No. 4) APRIL, 1922 NO. 791

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122 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

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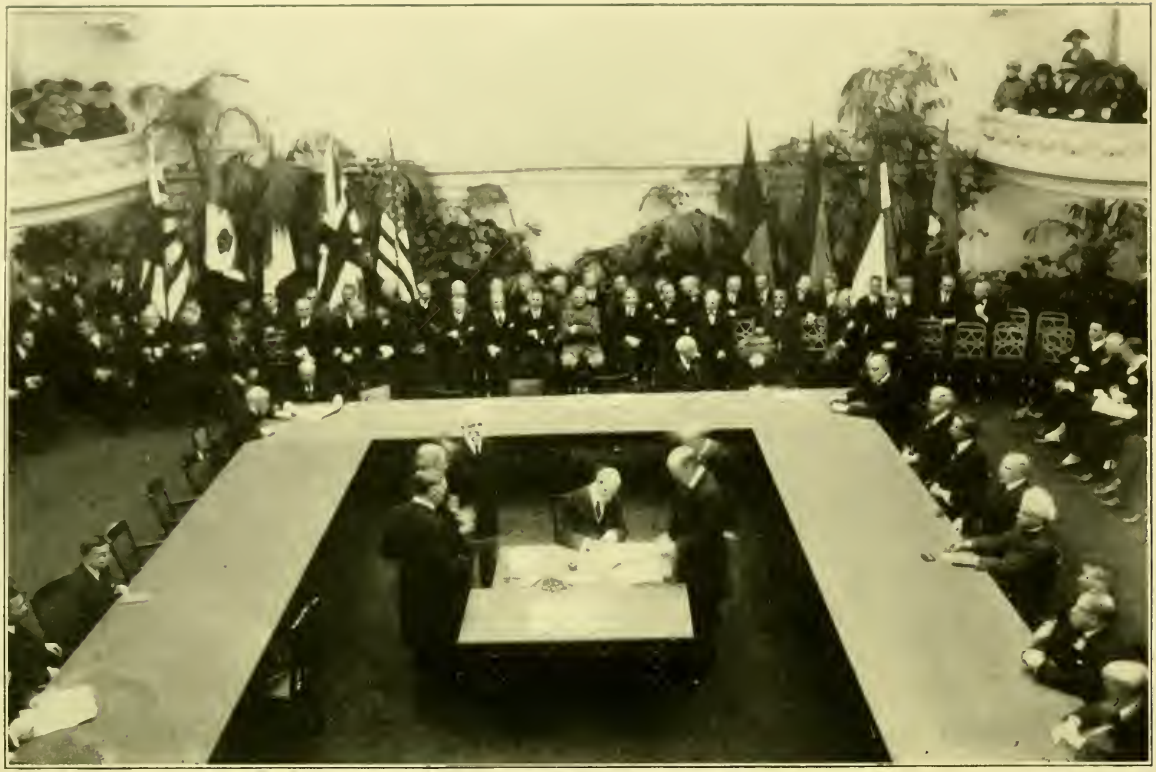

LAST SESSION OF THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

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THE WASHINGTON ARMS CONFERENCE.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

AMONG the persons who in our time avow an interest in the establishment of a stable world peace are certain invincible optimists; and no matter how painful the immediate past or how sinister the present outlook they remain hopeful that the ancient evil of war will soon be eradicated. Persons of this disposition professed to see in the recent Conference on the Limitation of Naval Armaments and Far Eastern Problems, which convened in Washington on November 11, 1921 and concluded its labors on February 6, 1922, the beginning of a new era and a better order. They expected that the chosen representatives of the great world powers, spokesmen for nearly the whole of the naval and a large part of the military force now left in the world, meeting at once in the calm atmosphere of harmonious deliberation and in the after glare of the greatest armed conflict of history, could and would lay the foundation, or at least the corner stone, of permanent peace.

Now that the Conference is ended we see how distant its results are from expectations of these dawn-makers for the millenium. The speeches have been delivered, the resolutions have been passed, and the treaties have been signed. However satisfied the delegates may have felt as they sailed for home, surely they were not under the impression that they had just read the final obsequies over Mars. Great navies, though a little clipped, will continue to ride the seas. Vast colonial empires are still ringed with bayonets. There are today eight million men under arms in Europe and Asia, while Fear and Hate march along half the Frontiers of the world.

At the opposite extreme from the incurable optimists have stood groups of skeptics and scoffers. The radicals in America and Europe said before the Conference met that it must, of necessity, prove a failure. For what, they asked, is to be expected of politicians,—of the same governing classes but who lately maneuvered

the nations into war, and then imposed on them an infamous peace? Does one gather figs from thistles, or goodwill from diplomats? In this distain of the radicals there was, perhaps, an element of professional jealousy, since radicals have their own sovereign remedies, mostly economic, for the ills of society, and they look with suspicion on all other doctors of mankind. Yet the radicals were not the only skeptics. Since the Conference closed we have been assured by several men in public life that the Conference was a fraud or a fiasco. Senator Robert M. LaFollette, for instance, has said that the one primary object of the Conference was "to make the world safe for imperialism." He declared: "The ink is hardly yet dry upon the signatures of the delegates of the United States to new treaties and a new alliance which in many respects are more iniquitious and fraught with greater perils to the United States than was the treaty of Versailles. The 'four power treaty' is nothing more or less than a binding alliance with the three great imperialistic nations of the present time, which pledges the United States to place all her resources of men and money at their disposal whenever they are attacked." Another adverse opinion has been expressed by Norman H. Davis, Undersecretary of State under President Wilson. He thinks that the Conference has been "anything but an American diplomatic victory," and that the Chinese and Russian people will probably conclude that the United States has abandoned its "traditional friendship for them by entering into a pact with their oppressors." There is this to be noted about their hostile comments, both those quoted above and most others, that they come from irreconcilables and Democrats, and that in them may be heard echoes of long-standing political enmities. Furthermore the critics of the Conference concentrate on its weakest aspects: the four power pact and the Far Eastern compromises. What have these detractors to say of the ten-year naval holiday, of the restrictions on the size of war vessels, or of the return of Wei-Hai-Wei to China?

The truth is that both those who expected everything of the Conference and those who expected nothing of it, have been disappointed. The Conference accomplished something, and that something bulks creditably large considering the limitations under which the Conference worked. Land armaments were not under discussion. The territorial and economic maladjustments of Europe, Africa and the Near East were not on the agenda. And furthermore, two large nations, Germany and Russia, had no representatives

present. The Conference could hardly have been considered an attempt to examine and solve the whole problem of world peace. And more than all this, the Conference was intangibly but very definitely restricted by tacid assumptions, mental and moral, of its participants. The delegates certainly exuded a sense of superiority and self-esteem; as a group they showed an ethical condescension towards the rest of the world, and yet in national units they rather lorded it over one another. This attitude is admirably illustrated by the experience of the French delegation. The Conference cheered and complimented Briand for his sophistical defense of militarism in France, and then later united to denounce the perfectly reasonable demand of the French for ninety thousand tons in submarines —"the only naval weapon which the poor can afford."

I was present at the last session of the Conference, and saw the treaties signed. That morning, February 6, the small auditorium of the Continental Hall was crowded, for besides the delegates and advisory staffs and newspaper correspondents, about fifteen hundred spectators were packed about the hollow square of tables and in the galleries. The delegates signed in national groups, in alphabetical order: Americans, Belgians, British, Chinese, French, Italians, Japanese, Dutch (Netherlands) and Portuguese. The American delegation numbered four,—Hughes, Lodge, Root and Underwood. Hughes was easily the most distinguished looking man, American or foreign, in the Conference. Some of the countries had but one or two representatives, while the British had the most, a line of seven, headed by Balfour, and tapering off to the Indian, Saastri, in a white turban. The treaties to which the plenipotentiaries affixed their signatures that day were the five-power naval limitation treaty; the nine-power submarine and poison gas treaty; the nine-power general Far Eastern treaty; the nine-power Chinese tariff treaty; and the four-power Pacific treaty supplement, excluding the principal Japanese Islands from the scope of the pact. The four-power Pacific treaty had already been signed, as originally drafted, on December 13th. And a separate treaty on Shantung had been signed by the Chinese and Japanese on February 4th.

After the delegates, amid rounds of applause, had duly signed the documents, President Harding delivered the closing address. It was on the whole a felicitous and sensible speech, although fat with congratulations—congratulations to mankind in general; congratulations to the nations participating; congratulations to the American delegates; and, by implication, congratulations to the

Administration and the Republican Party. The President asserted: "If the world has hungered for new assurance it may feast at the banquet which the conference has spread." And again: "It is all so fine, so gratifying, so reassuring, so full of promise, that above the murmurings of a world sorrow not yet silenced, above the groans which come of excessive burdens not yet lifted but now to be lightened, above the discouragements of a world struggling to find itself after surpassing upheaval, there is the note of rejoicing which is not alone ours or yours, or of all of us, but comes from the hearts of men of all the world." It is unfair to reflect how reminiscent of Woodrow Wilson that last phrase sounds?

The sagest paragraph in the President's speech was perhaps the following: "It is not pretended that the pursuit of peace and the limitations of armament are new conceits, or that the conference is a new conception either in settlement of war or in writing of conscience of international relationship. Indeed, it is not new to have met in the realization of war's supreme penalties. The Hague conventions are examples of the one, the conference of Vienna, of Berlin, of Versailles are outstanding instances of the other." Historical retrospect of this sort brings to mind (though Mr. Harding may not have so intended) many sobering reflections.

The activities and accomplishments of the Washington Conference fall into four groups.

First, the leading five naval powers, the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy agreed to suspend the building of new capital ships and other warcraft, except for purposes of replacement, during the next ten years; and furthermore fixed the ratios that their naval armaments should bear one to another.

Second, the four "Pacific Powers", Japan, Great Britain, the United States and France, negotiated an agreement to respect and safeguard their respective interests in the Far East.

Third, the nine powers represented at the Conference drafted several new rules of international law, intended to ameliorate the horrors of war.

Fourth, the Conference examined the territorial and economic situation in the Far East, principally and ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining a greater measure of independence and of self-determination for China.

These four sets of activities need to be considered separately, for the values of the resultant products by no means stand on a par.

The suspension of competitive naval building is the big outstanding achievement of the Conference, the one performance supremely worth while. The nations agree that during the next decade at least the race for supremacy on the seas shall be halted. They have struck an equilibrium, and allotted definite quotas of capital ships: to the United States 525,000 tons, to Great Britain 525,000 tons, to the Japanese Empire 315,000 tons, to France 175,000 tons, to Italy 175,000 tons, with auxiliary craft in proportion. They have decreed that no single ship in their navies shall exceed 35,000 tons. The gain in economy is patent, particularly in view of comparative expenditures, considering, for example, that a single modern battleship costs over $40,000,000, whereas the great Capitol building in Washington cost but $20,000,000. For nations struggling along under huge loads of paper bonds, barely able or unable to balance their annual budgets, to continue to throw huge sums into the bottomless pit of competitive armaments is a folly against which the taxpayers in all countries protest. Naval rivalry is extravagance on a colossal scale; and it is something worse; it is a direct incitement to war. In the years that preceded the outbreak of the world war in 1914 there were a number of armament scares in Europe. In 1909, for instance, a wave of hysterical suspicion swept England when it was learned that Germany was accelerating her naval program. We in America do not easily realize with what intense anxiety the rest of the world has watched the recent rush of the United States towards naval supremacy. Neither the British or the Japanese credit this country with purely unselfish motives: why should the Yankees want an overwhelming fleet unless they intend to dominate the trade, the shipping and the markets of the world? The fleet of the United States already stood, last year, almost equal to that of Great Britain; in five years it would have been superior; and in a long period of competitive building the wealth and resources of this country would have made American mastery certain. When, therefore, Mr. Hughes, on the first day of the Conference offered in the name of the United States to forego the advantages that fate had placed in American hands, a sigh of relief and satisfaction was breathed in all the leading chancellories of the world. The Japanese and the British in particular had received a concrete assurance that the United States had no aggressive designs, entertained no grandiose scheme for hegemony, and harbored no secret ambition to dictate world policies. And the American

plan for limitation went through, very little modified even in its details.

If the treaty for naval limitation was a victory, the four power Pacific Pact was a capitulation. Under its terms Great Britain, Japan, the United States, and France agree that in the event any controversy shall arise between them concerning their insular possessions in the Pacific Ocean they shall all consult together, and in the further event that their insular possessions shall be threatened by the "aggression" of any outside power they shall consult together to determine upon the most efficient method of defense. Although stated in cautious terms, this is a military alliance; it is intended to supersede the British-Japanese defensive and offensive alliance, by widening and strengthening that compact between the two great island empires of the East and West. If it is not an alliance, of what use can it possibly be to any of the four nations? And if it is an alliance what obligations does it impose on the United States? Obviously we are committed to back our Allies; to aid them in retaining their present possessions, particularly the island territories which they recently seized from Germany and from Russia; and to defend them from any foe that threatens their spoils. This pact was concluded in secret; it was not on the agenda of the Conference when it convened. But it seems almost impossible for imperial statesmen to meet in an international conclave without seeking to do something for their friend Status Quo. Alliances are the meat and drink of diplomats; and no conference is complete without some effort to link hands. Mr. Hughes and the other American delegates were led into the present attempt to fasten old world international politics on America by the argument that the British-Japanese alliance was impossible to break without its formal repudiation by one of its parties; and that therefore the only way out was for the United States and France to join the circle. President Harding misunderstood the scope of the treaty; and there has developed a determined opposition in the Senate. The treaty ought to be killed; but if it is passed, with or without reservations, it should be allowed to become a dead letter. It is an entanglement that answers no need of this country, and can only involve us in trouble that others may stir up in future years.

The nine powers at the Conference attempted to read two new rules into international law, the first prohibiting the use of submarines as commerce destroyers, and the second barring the use

of asphyxiating, poisonous and other gases in warfare. Pious resolutions of this sort, passed in time of peace, undoubtedly express the conscience of mankind. The trouble is that in time of war conscience goes to sleep, and these rules seem merely to afford opportunity for mutual recriminations. The attempt to prohibit absolutely the use of lethal and other gas is a bold stroke; if it sticks it will be both a blessing and a marvel. In the past certain practices have been outlawed, such as the use of dumdum bullets, the poisoning of wells, the slaughter of prisoners and the bombardment of open towns. But these barbarous practices, however successfully carried out, could scarcely have much effect on the outcome of a whole campaign, whereas in the ban on chemical warfare we have an attempt to eliminate in its entirety a weapon and a method of modern warfare. In the hands of a war-mad humanity such a rule is likely to prove brittle.

Lastly, the Conference undertook to pour oil on the troubled waters of the Far East, and to solve the problems which imperialism has created in China and Siberia. For the future the promises are clear and explicit; the powers bind themselves to hold wide the Open Door, and not to acquire territory or carve out spheres of influence in China. Japan announced her intention of evacuating Siberia as soon as conditions warranted a withdrawal, and Mr. Hughes made it clear that he thought that the time to withdraw had arrived now. A few weeks before the Conference closed there was an outbreak of protests in the public press; Japan, it was said, had won a great diplomatic victory; she had made herself impregnable in Asia through the Agreement of the United States not to build fortifications and naval bases in the Far East; and she had conceded practically nothing in return. Prodded by these criticisms Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour employed their good offices with China and Japan; that is to say, they put pressure on them. At this stage of the negotiations one was reminded of the observation of the French philosopher: "What makes us so often discontented with negotiators is that they almost always abandon the interest of their friends for that of the success of the negotiation, because they wish to have the credit of succeeding in their undertaking." The outcome was a treaty between China and Japan, signed two days before the Conference closed, returning to China the former German leased territory of Kiaochow. In restoring the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu Railway and various mining properties in Shantung, Japan drove a hard bargain; it is expensive to be exploited. But

all the gestures were graceful, and to cap the ceremony Mr. Balfour offered to restore Wei-Hai-Wei, a British leased port at the tip of Shantung. Generally speaking the Conference left the position of China somewhat improved. We can scarcely dispute the opinion of Mr. Sze: "While certain questions will have to be settled in the future, the Chinese delegation wishes to express its satisfaction with the results of this Conference."

Taking the sum of it all, considering the things which this meeting of alien minds accomplished, the things which were left undone or done badly, and the things which were not even attempted, the world can be said to be further along than if the Conference had never been held. Americans have reason to be satisfied with the fact that under the leadership and initiative of the United States the costly and dangerous competition in naval armaments has been for the time being arrested, that international suspicions have been allayed, and that a friendlier spirit has been fostered among the great powers. That much the Americans achieved; and they paid for it with honest coin: the good intentions which lay at the bottom of their hearts.

NEEDED—A SUBSTITUTE FOR SALVATION.

BY T. V. SMITH.

CHRISTIANITY, like other great religions, arose as a doctrine of salvation, as a method of escape. The early church was, accordingly, solicitous not so much about the quantity of its membership as about its quality. Jesus himself laid the basis for the view that salvation is a prerequisite for membership in the divine community in calling upon men to make ready for the approaching kingdom. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted. . . ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Proceeding upon this basis, the first organized Christian community admitted to its membership only "those who were being saved". Once within the fold, God and the church would provide for man's future; but let him who would flee the wrath to come see to it that he is purified upon entrance into the fold. It is useless for man to start unless he can really start new: only out of a purged past can grow a purified future. And so "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God". It is this insistence upon attending to the past, upon a genuinely new beginning, that has helped traditionally to set off the Christian church from other institutions devoted to human welfare.

Since, however, man himself has no available means of radically rectifying his past, of squaring his dead deeds with his living hopes, he must let God help him. Conversion becomes the mystic point of contact between God and man, the process through which man's extremity is made God's opportunity. The precise method by which this meeting of the human and the divine comes about has been ever obscure. Mystic experiences of similar great and unexpected perturbations of human nature have been the forms that have attracted most attention as avenues of grace. The church has never, it is true, been at one in the belief that such are the only

modes through which genuine conversion takes place; but because of the intrinsic mystery of such phenomena and the compelling conviction which they have left both upon those who witness and upon those who experience them, it is from these that conversion has derived its more or less standard form. John Wesley was truly representative in his conviction, arrived at through a rather careful survey of what he regarded as genuine cases of salvation, that "Sanctification is commonly, if not always, an instantaneous work". Even if such forms of religious experience had not from their mystery fixed themselves as norms, they would have done so from their priority. The founders of religions are usually either genuine mystics or persons of such temperament as makes them the subjects of experiences out of the ordinary. As Horace M. Kallen has observed: "Much of the authority of religion depends on the testimony of persons who have seen God *in propria persona,* in a direct intuition or perception, just as we ordinarily see chairs and the rest of the environment. Medicine-men, priests, prophets, saints, and mystics are the support. . . of human faith in the religious object, and the mystical experience is the *fons et origo* of the life of religious faith." Christianity, of course, is quite true to type in this regard, both as to the character of its founder and of its chief propagandist.

Adding, then, to its innate mystery its priority, one easily sees how the mystic or instantaneous type of religious experience comes to be regarded as the norm of conversion. The actual procedure through which this occurs has been so well described by Jonathan Edwards that I may quote his own words.

"A rule received and established by common consent has a very great, though to many persons an insensible influence in forming their notions of the process of their own experience. I know very well how they proceed as to this matter, for I have had frequent opportunities of observing their conduct. Very often their experience at first appears like a confused chaos, but then those parts are selected which bear the nearest resemblance to such particular steps as are insisted on; and these are dwelt upon in their thoughts, and spoken of from time to time, till they grow more and more conspicuous in their view, and other parts which are neglected grow more and more obscure. Thus what they have experienced is insensibly strained, so as to bring it to an exact conformity to the scheme already established in their minds. And it becomes natural also for ministers, who have to deal with those who insist

upon distinctness and clearness of method, to do so too." In this thoroughly intelligible way a very genuine, but very rare kind of experience early became the pattern of Christian salvation. The fixing of this pattern as to the *modus operandi* of God's initial and supreme grace has had three outstanding effects upon the nature and the growth of the Christian community.

First, it has lessoned the membership of the church by putting as an indispensable test an experience that many have not had and that many apparently cannot have. That there are very few genuine mystics the novelty of them, when they do appear, fully attests. Psychologists are at one in believing, with James, that,—

"Some persons, for instance never are, and possibly never under any circumstances could be, converted. Religious ideas cannot become the centre of their spiritual energy. They may be excellent persons, servants of God in practical ways, but they are not children of his kingdom." Not only is it true that such a test of entrance excludes many individuals scattered here and there in every group, but it sometimes works to exclude certain entire groups. Consider, for instance, the mutual antipathy between St. Paul and the Greeks whom he met at Athens. St. Paul's own biographer indicates that the Greeks did not form any noticeable attachment either for St. Paul or for his doctrine. On the other hand, St. Paul shows unmistakably throughout his epistles by allusions to the Greeks as a class and to their philosophy that, while they had made an indelible impression upon him, it was not a cordial impression. Paul was proclaiming to the Greeks a way of life based upon and conditioned by a type of moral experience—initiated on the road to Damascus—that the wise disputative Athenians of St. Paul's day were not capable of having. The Greeks as a class were neither neurotic nor mystic by temperament. But one does not have to seek classes nor go as far as Athens to see the truthfulness of the contention that, if salvation must come through some sort of cataclysmic perturbation, there are men on every hand who will never become actual Christians, for the simple reason that nature has not made them potential Christians. Such men are found in every community, known and marked by all observers. Thomas Hardy, in his poem "The Impercipient", has eloquently voiced the protest that must rise up in the heart of this man, who has ever been noted only to be misjudged,—the man who is temperamentally unfitted for salvation.

"Yet I would bear my shortcomings
with meet tranquility,
But for the charge that blessed things
I'd liefer have unbe."

Remembering then how but yesterday in our own religious history many a man has suffered by having his utter incapacity so to be saved counted as downright unwillingness to be saved, well does Hardy at the close of the stanza, inquire:

"O, doth a bird deprived of wings,
go earth-bound wilfully?"

Secondly, the standardizing of conversion upon such a pattern has not only excluded many, but has tended to make of one kind those who have found membership in the church. On the whole, those who have found Christianity most congenial have been those who, like Jesus, tend to look away from earth and time for the values that invest life with meaning; not so much that the church has uniformly demanded other worldliness as that this standardized form of conversion itself has guaranteed easiest access to those who never feel fully at home in the world. The membership has tended rather strongly to be homogeneous. A selective conversion has worked to make this inevitable. Not only has the fact been true and been granted, but it is a fact in which the church has, in less commercial and intellectual times, found cause for genuine rejoicing: Jesus, that the religious treasures have been "hid from the wise and prudent, and. . . revealed. . . unto babes"; and St. Paul, that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called".

Thirdly, the peculiar restriction that the form of conversion put upon membership has at times tended to make ambitious seekers belie their own experience. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that hypocricy has been often practiced as a means of admission to the church. But it is an undeniable fact (the technique of which is explained in the foregoing quotation from Jonathan Edwards) that if one wishes membership, he tends to force his experience to fit the standard of admission. If one be urged either by strong enough love of the holiness within the church or by fearful enough terror at the wrath without, to seek shelter within the sheepfold, he will, if the front door be too straight for him, climb up some other way; and yet he might conceivably be neither a thief nor a robber. There have been times in the history of the Chris-

tian church when men believed so vividly in the horrors of eternal retribution, for instance, that, since the church was held up to them as being the only available insurance, they would have taken the kingdom by force rather than be perpetually damned. Under such compulsion men have not infrequently *forced* their experience to fit that prescribed for admission. This prudent stretching of one's own experience to fit the model is not dishonesty; but it is perhaps not just the sort of honesty from which the church would most profit. The consequence of such indirection in admission has been that at any time in the church's history there have been a surprising number in the fold who did not feel entirely at home. The scriptures read to them talked in terms of a rapturous experience or a mystic appreciation of persons and processes that either dulled their ears through unfamiliarity or, what is more likely, let them see that they were not at heart nor had they ever been at heart what the apostles and prophets and saints before them had been. Moreover the equally highflown mystic color of the hymns and ritual so obviously connoted a disparity between their hearts and the heart of Christianity that a sort of divided spiritual self ensued. Such members sought admission to get the heavenly loaves and fishes or, what is perhaps more usual, to escape the horrors of the sulphurous flames of the fiery deep. They are afraid to get out; but they are not at ease within. And so, while this unhappy state may not lead to a real separation of the incompatibles, yet an invisible divorce is consummated in their hearts to render permanently impossible a wholehearted devotion to the Christian community. This load, like so much dead luggage, has also hindered the church itself; indeed it has at times rendered practically impotent what otherwise might have been a conquering church. But the situation has grown up from the fact that what the church has declared to be objectively true has been accepted as true by those who were temperamentally, if not congenitally, excluded from wholehearted membership by the standardized form of salvation on which the church unwittingly insisted.

The situation reflecting this threefold effect upon the church of its standardized form of salvation has perhaps become more acute in recent times than ever before. The prevailing symptoms may be summarized as (1) a static, if not actually declining, membership, (2) composed of a disproportion of women and a much smaller number of relatively otherworldly men, and (3) an unknown pro-

portion of both of whom have growing a feeling that they do not belong where they are.

How far the last symptom prevails, it is difficult to say; but it certainly is true that the interrogative form of the title "Shall we stay with the church", of a recent article in the *Hibbert Journal* by Professor Durant Drake, is indicative of the way the problem is being put by many men within the church. The problem suggested by the second symptom is widespread and everywhere noticeable. It is now admitted to be far easier to get money with which to do church work than it is to get men who will and can do the work for the church. Undeniably too a growing class of intelligent women, largely of the forward-looking type, are joining the men in their dereliction. Furthermore, the situation covered by the first symptom is truly alarming. Even in the most Christian countries a challenging majority of the adults are outside the church, and the majority is generally increasing.

Instead of facing this critical threefold problem rationally and making clearly thought out adjustments, the church has unwittingly floundered a long way from her ancient course in a blind effort to meet the unanalyzed demand made upon her. It is not always clearly recognized how far she has gone in this instinctive effort to adapt herself. Briefly, she has radically modified, if not tacitly renounced, both the content and the form of her fundamental doctrine of salvation. As to content, she has ceased unequivocally to declare that salvation is from a future fiery hell and its earthly counterpart, sin. That this is so, is clearly stated by the Reverend Henry Preserved Smith, an eminent Christian scholar and teacher, in a recent article in the Hibbert Journal, entitled "Religion and the Churches." He declares that though "the solemnly and officially declared end for which churches exist is the salvation of men from eternal damnation", nevertheless, under the pressure of such untoward times as this, "by its own profession the church invites men to accept salvation, yet all the while declines to point out the fate from which they need to be saved". And as to the form of salvation, the church strongly tends to leave the method elective by which men shall now enter her.

This is to say that the church, finding itself in the business of wholesaling a commodity for which there is a declining retail demand, began to do as other wholesale dealers and say to men everywhere: Since you will not buy upon our terms, we will sell upon yours. But what capitulation could the church make, even though

she were in the price-cutting mood? She had always repeated openly (and perhaps somewhat blankly) that salvation is free. Nothing can be reduced that is already free unless the conditions of getting to the free article be made easier. And this is what the church in recent years has proceeded to do, both as to the content and the form of salvation. Once even those who were eager enough to buy her wares to come to Jesus by night, were sternly rebuffed with the demand that they be born again. But now the church is frankly at sea as to a sincere answer to the question, What does your salvation save me from? and her answer to the question, How may I know my salvation (from whatever it may be) to be genuine? is too discursive to be intelligible. Social purposes for the future have usurped the early emphasis upon a rectified background, a new and holy foundation from which to proceed. In her dire need for children, the church has tended avidly to take all who would come, just as they are without one plea. She has gone out into the highways and byways of this rushing life to stop the financially prosperous and the intellectually aspiring in order to assure them that the purpose whereby they prosper and the spirit which they aspire are genuinely Christian save only in name. The Reverend Henry Preserved Smith has articulated this attitude of the modern church in accurate fashion. Says he: "Although some men decline to use the name of Jesus, they are in fact working out the grace and truth which has its fullest expression in him". Surprising as this announcement sometimes is to men outside the church, they nevertheless are assured that since they are already Christians at heart, only one thing they lack; i.e., come and ally themselves in form with the church to which they already at heart belong.

In dealing, then, with adults, the church has sought to recoup her increasing losses through making her salvation more attractive by dissociating it from the fiery fumes of an earlier period and by making access to it thoroughly easy. While doing this, however, she has, as a surer means of recruiting her ranks, turned increasingly to the education of children before they reach the apathetic years. The beauty of a quiet gradual growth into the kingdom rather than entrance through a catastrophic convulsion called conversion is emphasized. Children are from an early age subjected (in actual practice usually once a week or less) to rigorous training. If they ever become Christians, they do not know how or when. And many of them, like some of the adults, never come to feel at home even if they find themselves in the church; for those who wrote

the scriptures and the ritual and the hymns do not talk in terms that only once-born men fully understand. No system of pedagogy yet tried by the church can substitute for conversion. Indeed every method so far tried, instead of supplanting conversion, tends to make it imperative, if membership is to be conditioned by a genuinely changed heart.

The upshot of the matter is that at last the line drawn so deep by the early Christian apostles between the church and the world is almost entirely obliterated. Most of those outside the church are, according to those in authority inside the church, Christians, but do not know it; whereas most of those inside the church are, according to those outside the church, just like the latter but do not know it. And so it threatens to turn out according to the words of him to whom the church is pledged to pay heed that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it". Through seeking to save itself in the modern world, the church has become indistinguishable except in name from the world itself. The church seems face to face with a problem that may be put in this dilemma: If it insists that salvation means a wonderful and arduous release from devouring Sin and fiery Hell, it loses the world; for to the world, Sin is obsolescent and Hell is obsolete. If it does not so insist, it loses itself in the world. And whether the church lose itself by losing the world or lose the world by losing itself, does not materially differ; the loss is loss either way.

Needed, then, a substitute for salvation. It hardly seems likely that for so many centuries the church has wholly misread human nature and has completely misinterpreted human need. If it can be granted that there is a genuinely human need at which the church, however poorly, has aimed, then both for those who confess no need for such salvation as the church has to offer and for those who confess a need but cannot seem to lay hold upon the salvation, there is desperately needed an available equivalent or, if possible, a scientific substitute for salvation. But where shall we seek it, and what shall this equivalent be?

Let us first seek to understand the nature of the human need that conversion has served. So far as the actual human data are concerned, there is general agreement here among both theologians and psychologists: the need of conversion has arisen from a divided condition of the self. One set of impulses—variously designated in the aggregate as the lower nature, the carnal man, the flesh—

is so fundamentally contradictory to another set of impulses—variously called the better self, the spiritual nature, the inner man—as to make the soul a battleground of incessant internecine strife. Anything that either set of impulses points, the other forbids. Each wastes its energy pricking against the goads of the other. The unfortunate soul thus suffers division of its sovereignity among two mutually incompatible rulers, each bent upon thwarting the other to the unutterable woe of the soul. The greater the effort of one to act, the greater the effort of the other to obstruct action. The soul, becoming paralyzed by this unbroken impasse, calls out by day and by night: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death"?

Pitiable as is this state of the soul divided against itself, it is a condition that is completely authenticated and one that is widely prevalent. The inner division may only breed inefficiency and unhappiness, or it may become so pathological as to objectify itself into the world, incapacitating the person and leaving him either a neurotic or a lunatic. But whether it displays the more serious or the less serious form, here is an all too general human situation that cries to heaven for relief; for whether or no the dualism resulting from the hiatus of the self be but a microcosmic representation of the great cosmic gulf bordered by heaven on the one side and by hell on the other, there exists here and now a state well worthy of these words from one who has been initiated into the tragic meaning of such a condition.

"When I tried to be a god, Earth struck me down,
And now that I try to be Earth, it is a god that betrays me."

"The real sin is in being divided against yourself:
In wanting one thing and doing another."

Upon the reality of such a tragic human condition and upon its crying need for amelioration, the most conservative churchman and the most radical psychologist can agree. There seem to be so far but two general methods of attempting a cure for the divided soul.

The first is the traditional method of the church. We can well afford to steer clear of the cosmic signficance that the church has historically affixed to the process. We can the better afford it since the church itself, being no longer certain of the verity of its ancient cosmic dualism, shows a growing desire to regard both heaven and hell as indigenous to earth and time. Caught in this

mood the church can the more readily agree with the psychologist that, be the future as it may, any relief here and now from the divided self would be a great salvation with most gracious immediate fruits of joy and peace and efficiency. Whatever more ulterior the church has actually saved men from heretofore it has sometimes saved them from this precarious condition of their own inner lives. In countless cases, when the soul had reached the end of its rope, in a moment of unreserved despair it has thrown itself back upon itself and in a mysterious manner more appreciated than understood, has come forth a united whole, a saved soul. The mystery of precisely what happens in this sudden relief of a divided self, traditional religion has not sought diligently to understand. It has found it more satisfactory to adore than to comprehend the process; and so it has covered a multitude of questions by simply saying that the process is the beneficent work of the Holy Ghost, directed by God, who moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

That this method of treating a sick soul is often of therapeutic value no one will deny. Conversion has enabled more than one Jerry McAuley to leap in a single night from the gutter of habitual drunkenness to the highway of holiness. Beneficent though the method be, there is good reason for thinking that it works by repression and so does not achieve real unity of the divided self. Repression is the process through which an emotional idea is forced out of consciousness and pushed beyond the pale of memory because it does not harmonize with the dictates of the better self. Nietzsche, that keen student of humanity, was thinking of the fact when he said: "'That have I done', says my memory. 'That have I not done', says my pride and remains inexorable. Finally memory yields." The reason for suspecting that conversion operates by means of repression will appear as we proceed. Let us think of conversions as being either temporary or permanent. The frequency of back-sliding following revivalism attests what a large proportion of conversions are of the temporary kind. Why do so many saved people backslide? It is because the salvation was a supplanting of oneself by another rather a welding of the two. The conversion method but supplants the lower self by a higher. Now psychologists well know that the dethroned self is not destroyed, but that, retiring to where the good self has been kept in subjection, it merely awaits the time when it may sally forth with its progeny bred in the darkness of outlawry, to reclaim its dom-

inance. In the bold imagry of Jesus, the evil self brings back with it seven spirits more desperate than itself to occupy the swept and garnished house. No wonder that the last state of such a man is worse than the first. As soon as the moral fervor by whose reinforcement the good self gained conquering strength somewhat wears itself out against the hardships of the world and the tiresome attempt to form new habits, the old self returns in a moment of temptation, and the saved man has backslidden. Jesus himself has beautifully referred to such a phenomenon in another figure: "And some (seed) fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up, and choked them." The old impulses, though hidden, are still there and are veritable thorns ready to spring up and choke the plant of goodness. As long as both sets of impulses are carried in stock, it is not any tremendous gain to exchange, even though it be the better for the worse, for as soon as the stimulus is gone, the trade may be reversed. Conversion works both ways.

But not all those who find salvation through conversion thus fall away; for verily some seed fall into better ground and bring forth fruit, "some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold." Even upon the insecure foundation of repression one may, by constant repair, maintain a permanent habitation. But the process is costly and precarious, and the habitation, even if it remain, is not what one would desire. Even of those manifold cases of conversion that are permanent and continally bring forth good fruit to the end of life, there is pitiable proof that it is not usually the fruit of a self so united that it can throw itself with unreserved unity of front against the outer obstacles. Sad to say, there is both the outer obstacle to conquer and a hostile outpost within the very soul itself, of which enemies the latter is the worse. The self of repressed impulses may be but the "thorn in the flesh" of a St. Paul or it may be the demons that continually tempted the souls of the medieval saints or it may be something even worse than either of these. But such a prominent part does this struggle play in the autobiography of most of those who have not only been saved but who stay saved till the end of life, that the biography of saints, unless it be carefully expurgated, does not make the most wholesome reading available. It was from a man permanently saved that there issued first that memorable cry: "For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." And while all the Christian saints have been able to join this original one in thanking "God through Jesus Christ our Lord" that

"with the mind" they could "serve the law of God", they have also been at one in bewailing the fact that at the same time "with the flesh" they have either continually served or have continually been beset with the wish to serve "the law of sin."

As tragic as is this truth, it certainly is not strange when one once understands the data involved. A typical conversion is a sudden supplanting of one set of impulses by another. As James says, "You must be nailed on the cross of natural despair and agony, and then in the twinkling of an eye be miraculously released." Whether this release prove temporary or permanent, it is actually attained by a process too easy to be sound. The impulses that form the bad self are no less genuine and no less elemental than those that form the good self. Instincts, crushed down, will rise again. The racial past has been too long and too important to be slapped out of existence in the twinkling of an eye. The race has worked too long and slaved too hard for its salvation to permit the individual to attain his unification by any royal road. It is easy to love and easy to hate, but not so easy to understand. But why trifle with understanding anyway, says religion, impatient at the slow way: simply identify yourself with what you love and as simply destroy what you hate. But hold! to murder is not always to obliterate. A set of impulses cast out of human nature by violence will, like the shade of Banquo, come back to plague the king. If the king rule ever with an iron hand, the ghosts of murdered selves may be able to work their plague only in troublous dreams which the pious usurper misunderstands; but let the tiresome watch be discontinued but for a moment,—few saints can be eternally vigilant,—and in will troop the murdered but living ghosts to expel and repossess. Even in salvation, nature sees to it that might does not make right. If love and hate were the only means, then must the bad impulses be taken by force. But between even love and hate there is mediation, the mediation of cool understanding. If, however, we ignore the long tedious way of intelligent unification and choose the shorter way of repression, we may produce a good man; but if so, he will be good through a constant ordeal so terrible as to be universally described in religious literature as a daily crucifixion.

Praise as much as we will the heroism of one who struggles against his besetting infirmity—and it has always been counted worthy of praise—we must admit that it is not ideal. The soul divided against itself cannot stand against its foes; it cannot even

successfully stand alone. Moreover, there is something both morbid and morally ugly in the picture of sainthood perpetually struggling against satanhood in the person of a single man. A constant terrible struggle between the flesh and the spirit seems to indicate that some one has bungled in dealing either with the flesh or with the spirit.

"Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now, than flesh helps soul.' "

The second method, then, of dealing with the divided self is, as Browning suggests, the method of unifying through a just organization one's total asset of impulses. It must proceed upon the ground that no human impulse is evil in itself; and it must see to it that the total organization called the self is of such a nature as to give healthful expression to all impulses. This is, of course, a difficult task; but it is precisely the task that analytic psychologists have not only undertaken but have been performing in recent years with marvelous results. The technical process is called Psychoanalysis. I cannot seek clearly to explain nor at all to justify psychoanalysis in this brief study. If there be among my readers those who still confuse psychoanalysis with hypnotism or any other form of suggestion, I can only beg them to inform themselves better before passing final judgment upon this paper. The increasing stream of scholarly books issuing from the press each year put explanation of psychoanalysis within reach of all. My purpose here is merely to indicate that insofar as salvation is from anything that the modern man understands or appreciates, it is converson from the unhappiness and social inefficiency that grows out of a divided condition of the inner life. This condition psychology is coming to understand, and psychoanalysis is the method through which psychology is bringing all the technical information it possesses to bear upon the amelioration of such tragic conditions. The work so far done has put analytic psychology to its severest test, because in the main it has dealt with cases in which the divided self had become pathological. And yet in Morton Prince's classic of the inner life, Miss Beauchamp, who is possessed of more than five personalities, distinct and separate, is by his careful and patient art

made whole again. There seems no room for reasonable doubt that religion may learn something of vital importance from this new psychology.

At any rate while the church is not thoroughly certain which way to turn, it could hardly be amiss to investigate the claims that are being put forward by the analytic psychologist. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." In this spirit let the church choose its strongest men and send them to scientific schools to master the principles of psychology and the technique of psychotherapy. Let these men give to this healing art all the sympathy for which the church has become honorably noted. Let them bring to the technical perfection of science the completing counterpart of a universal benevolence, and with this equipment harmonized and completely unified by several years' study and interneship let these men go out to become co-pastors with those who already minister in the churches. Let them minister to the youth in the name of religion such timely salvation as Walter Healy has given in the name of law to the youth of Chicago; let them give to young and old alike such attention as Pastor Oskar Pfister (through combining with his technically religious ministry his scientific therapy) has for years been giving his German parishioners. Let them furnish the best advice and treatment that the modern science of psychology can provide those whose mental conflicts are constantly leading to misconduct, to inefficiency, and to poignant unhappiness.

The church can ill-afford to neglect a thoroughgoing examination of any endeavor that claims such an intimate connection with suffering men. If the claims of psychoanalysis prove well-founded, it would be lamentable for the church later to have to recognize them after having withstood them as long as possible. Even if they prove futile, the church will in the meantime need a thorough knowledge of their ground for defensive and apologetic reasons, if for no other. This need is all the more pressing if the prediction made by Cyril E. Hudson in the July (1921) issue of *The Pilgrim* be true. Says he: "I do not think it possible to doubt that a great attack on the specifically Christian view of life is coming—and coming soon—from psychoanalysis (in the philosophic, not the therapeutic sense) and herd psychology. Out of an interest in apologetics, then, at any rate the church can well afford to pay heed to the perturbed words of the Anglican dignity (cited by Mr. Hudson in the same article), who, after a discussion of psychoanalysis

at Oxford, exclaimed, 'We shall all have to set up confessionals, else every one will be going to these doctors!' "

There are two current tendencies in American Protestanism that prevent this proposal from being a radical one in any sense. The first is a tendency to revive the healing ministry of the church, and the second is the apparently growing friendly envy that Protestants hold for the Catholic confessional.

At different stages the Christian church has made pretentions to a healing ministry. Why this interest in the healing art has been intermittent is a question too intricate and complex to tackle in this paper; but it is enough here to note that now the interest is returning. No more concrete proof of this assertion is needed than the fact that a church that traditionally has tended to hold aloof from such matters has recently held under its auspices throughout America healing missions by a noted English churchman. The response to these missions has been so great and the results so satisfactory that the missions have been continued by local forces under church auspices after the original healer has gone on. Be the results of such efforts what they may, there is in the healing ministry a religious interest so large at the present time that organized attention is being paid to it. There have, on the other hand, always been Protestants who felt that the Catholic church has much beneficent influence through the confessional; and the Roman church by holding on to such a means of grace at considerable inconvenience to its priesthood shows its abiding faith in the service that is rendered through it. Every form of religion makes provision for the purging effects of confession in one way or another. And Protestant ministers (some of them openly) have now and again in modern times expressed a need for the formal confessional in their work.

Psychoanalysis is but the scientific method of putting into one the means for satisfying both of those felt needs in Protestant churches; for it has duly demonstrated its ability to produce rationally the same healing results that the church has at different times produced mysteriously; and it has equally demonstrated its ability to bring under technical and scientific guidance the balm to minds distressed that for so many centuries the Catholic confessional and Protestant imitations of it, have brought. Psychoanalysis offers, therefore, to the church a peculiarly attractive opportunity, through the time-honored custom of confession, to bring genuinely 'lost' men to spiritual health.

The church should certainly not be deterred from appropriating to itself this new technique by any fear of having thrust upon it gratuitously an alien metaphysics. It is true that some have from the beginning looked critically askance at psychoanalysis because of their aversion to Freudian theories; but only those have continued to do so that have shut their eyes to the merit of the new technique as a means of beneficient social and moral control. Many who have come to scoff at the Freudian metaphysics have remained to apply to human need the art, supplying whatever theories they themselves desired. According to the church, a tree is to be known by its fruits, not by its roots. Finding the fruits of psychoanalysis good, the church can supply whatever hypothetical roots satisfy it. There is no apparent reason why even the traditional terminology of the church cannot be used, if the church feels the necessity of thus assuring historical continuity. Surely the Holy Ghost who has often deigned to use the humble mourners' bench as a means of grace will not hesitate to make use of the wondrous mind of man. But no further suggestion is needed. For a church that has shown facile ingenuity in adapting itself to a round world after having been made for a flat one, or to a dynamic world after having been made for a static one, or to the service of man-the-product-of-evolution after having been made to serve man the center of the universe and the excuse for its existence,—such a dynamic institution as the Christian church has proved itself to be has, fear not, ample grace remaining for all future adaptation.

HOMER AND THE PROPHETS, OR HOMER AND NOW.

HISTORY AND HISTORICITY.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST, M.A., M.PD.

THOSE who serve Apollo in any age will body forth the ideal, but they may show the real, even when it is evil, to throw what is good into a more effective light, perhaps to introduce a contrast. So they may use the actual, or historic fact along with allegory or myth. Literal truth, of course, has nothing to do with Apollo, except as it carries ideal truth, a point which Saint Augustine appreciated when he said that he did not accept Christianity because of its historic facts, but because of its myths, meaning by that, the ideal truths that they carry. To him it did not matter whether the Bible stories were, or were not literally true, but it was enough that they carried the highest ideal or spiritual truth. The greatest poets, as Homer and Dante, have used historical material in their poems when this served their purposes, and questions of history and historicity become important in both only as throwing light on the poet's meaning.

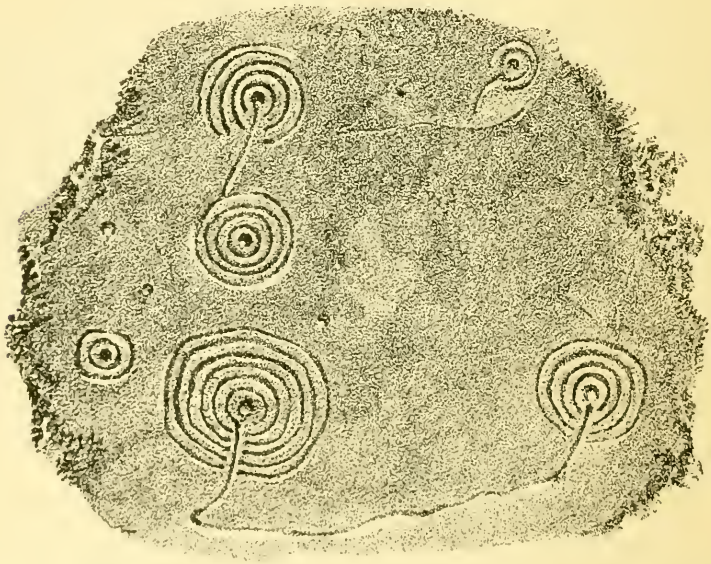
As to Troy and Helen, all ages have had their doubts. The excavations of Schliemann proved that an ancient city existed in primitive times on the spot that he investigated in Asia Minor having located it by means of such points as he found in Homer's poems, the citadel, the river, the washingpools and the sea; but that it was called by the name *Troy* has never been proved.

As to the reasons for the destruction of that city, all ages have had their doubts, and the question seems to have been a live issue in the time of Herodotus (484-420? B. C.). When Herodotus visited Egypt, four centuries after Homer, he asked the priests of Memphis whether all that Homer told of the Trojan War was to be regarded as fable and received the reply that it was, for the sufficient reason

that Paris did not abduct Helen to Troy and so the Greeks did not pursue her there to bring her back. Their reason for holding this opinion as to Troy was that Paris had brought her to Memphis instead! Herodotus concludes his observations on Paris and Helen thus:

"With regard to Helen, I assent entirely to the opinion of the Egyptian priests, and for the following reasons: If the princess had been in Troy, they would certainly have returned her to the Greeks no matter whether Alexander had agreed or opposed. Priam and the princes of the royal family could not have been so deprived of all sense as to sacrifice themselves along with their children and their city merely to secure the possession of Helen to Alexander."

The reason for the destruction of the burned city which Schliemann excavated was doubtless political, at bottom economic—it has been suggested that the king of that city had levied too high tolls

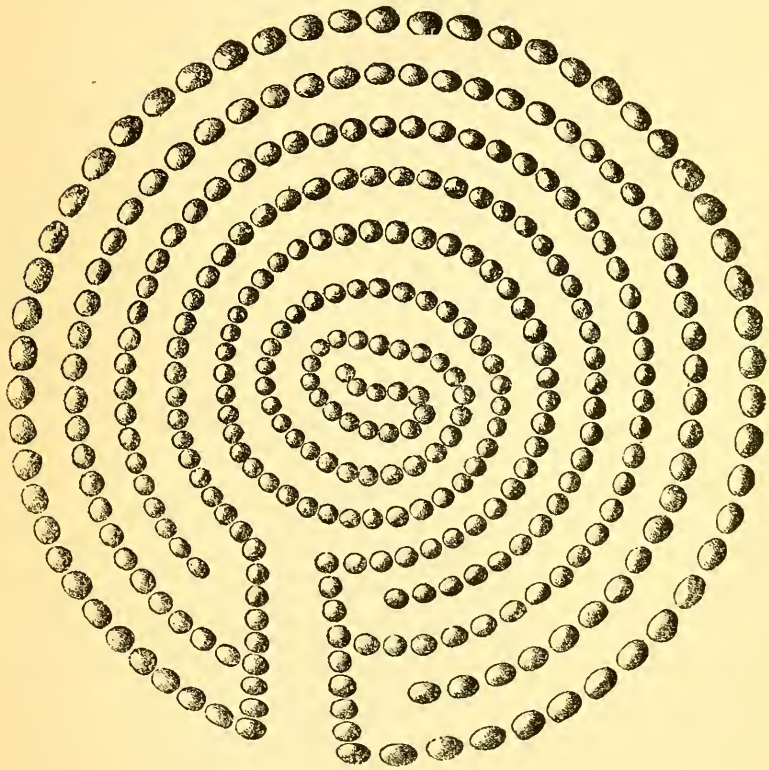


FRAGMENT OF SCULPTURED STONE FROM THE TOP OF WHITSUNBANK HILL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

on the Grecian ships that passed to bring grain from the plains bordering on the Black Sea or gold from the auriferous rivers, where it had been gathered from the earliest ages by the primitive method of catching it in fleeces thrown into the water, a fact which gave local coloring to the myth of the Golden Fleece.

As Homer localized the plot of Paris and Helen in the Burned City that Schliemann excavated; so it seems now most likely that

he attached to it also the name *Troy,* a hated name which had been widely used in all Aryan countries for the labyrinth where the Winter Demon imprisons the Shining One, the Sun Princess, *Helen*—for the name *Helen* is cognate with that of *Helios,* the Sun. Cognates with Troy are found in *Druh, Druja, Draogha, Troja, Troy,* the name used for the Winter Demon among Hindus, Persians, Slavs, and Northern nations. The names of both Helen and Troy would argue a connection of Homer's story with the Sun Myth, which was the possession of the Aryans from the North to India, who



STONE LABYRINTH ON THE ISLAND OF WIER, RUSSIA.
After E. v. Baer's drawing in *Bulletin de l'académie de St. Pétersbourg,* 1844.

practiced Sun Dances from the earliest times. This is clear from the remains of the structures which were made for these rites. In England are many remains and pictures on standstone, representing the lair of Winter, called *Troy-Towns,* of which the accompanying illustration gives an example.

In Scotland also these are numerous, and in central and southern Europe many like structures are found, usually called *labyrinths,* and all so intricate as to justify the legend that it would take a long time to rescue a person imprisoned in them.

One of the most perfect is in Russia:

At Cnossus (Crete) the labyrinth became the national symbol and was used on coins:

OLD COIN OF KNOSSOS, CRETE.

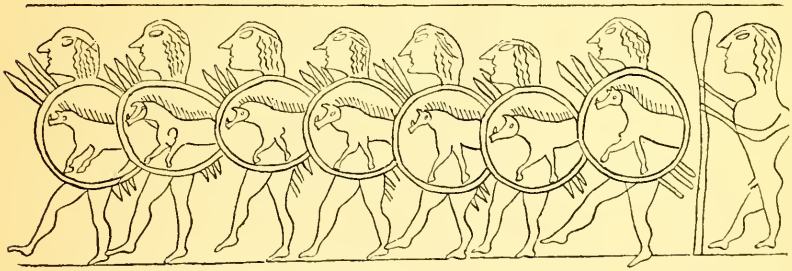
In Rome, a Troy Dance was celebrated in very ancient times; and such dances must have been celebrated as early as the Seventh Century B. C., in Tuscany, of which fact the proof is a pitcher lettered in the earliest Etruscan and discovered at Tragliatella, an Etruscan village.

THE PITCHER OF TRAGLIATELLA.

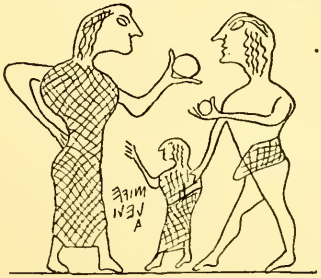
The bands of decoration on the pitcher discovered at Tragliatella show (1) the escaping princess in company with her rescuer, (2) the labyrinth from which they are escaping, (3) a company of dancers moving before them joyfully in procession. Finally, (4) the labyrinth is labelled in Etruscan characters, *truia,* or Troy. This piece of pottery, then, justifies a conclusion that the story of the fall of Troy as Homer tells it was a Sun Myth in its origin, as scholars

had surmised, and the label on the labyrinth proves the connection of the name of Troy with the Sun Myth. But the pitcher of Tragliatella proves more than these points, for in another scene it shows a goddess in the act of giving an apple, a man receiving the apple,

RIDERS COMING OUT OF THE "TROJABURG."
After *Jahrbücher d. röm. Inst.*, Vol. LIII, plate L.



GROUP OF SEVEN DANCERS.
After plate L of *Jahrücher d. archäol.* Inst., 1881.



SO-CALLED JUDGMENT OF PARIS OF THE PITCHER.

and a woman whom he holds by the hand, the woman labelled *mi felena, I AM,* or *THIS IS HELEN,* leaving no doubt that the other figures are those of Paris and Aphrodite. It will be concluded, finally, that the maker of this pitcher drew his illustration before people

had forgotten the origin of Homer's story in the Sun Myth and the connection of the incident of the Apple of Love with the Sun Myth. It is clear from the discussion of the Trojan story in Herodotus that by his day many of the best informed people had come to regard the story of the abduction as actual fact, but questioned the place where it had occurred, and that a connection with the Sun Myth had been forgotten. Perhaps the Spring Dances had been discontinued in the course of the four hundred years that intervened, or their interpretation had been lost, as is common with festivals, especially before the art of writing has given them something of permanence. Also, Homer may have changed the meaning of the myth so much from its original that the connection was obscured, for his sad return of Helen is quite the opposite of the glad return of the Shining Sun Princess as pictured on the pitcher and in the dance. He shows Helen hated and distrusted for sharing the guilt of Paris, and probably the more active of the two, and the tempter, for in the illustration on the pitcher she is shown leading, and he suggests in her name that she is the seducer, by a pun on ἑλεῖν, the infinitive active from the verb αἱρέω, meaning *to lead by the hand, to seduce.* Ancient illustrations commonly represented this pair *hand in hand,* with Helen leading—early stories always represent the woman as the temptress, it seems, and all precedents would be broken if Paris were shown as leading.

As fact, or authentic history, then, the two main incidents of Homer, (1) the abduction of Helen and (2) the fall of the city which sheltered her, turn out to be more than doubtful, and to be, instead, such stuff as poets have always made their dreams of, myth, allegory, and high romance, in which can be expressed the loves, the hates and the aspirations of the times.

Is there nothing of historic value, then, in Homer's poems? Helen as a motive for a ten years' seige and the Apple of Love are not in themselves facts, but are evidence of the important facts (1) that the home and family relations were felt to be endangered in Homer's day by false, foreign gods who tempted people into evil ways, especially by Aphrodite, who was Ashtaroth of Israel, Istar of Babylon; and that (2) poets of Apollo in Greece, as well as Prophets of Jehovah in Israel, were teaching the people Wisdom as to Love and the Home, and as to life generally.

It is a fact, also, that the Windy Citadel where Homer localized his story existed as he represented it, and from Schliemann's discoveries there we can see the walls, the pottery, the jewelry and many

of the articles of daily interest in that prehistoric time. From Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenae, we believe that Agamemnon also was historic, and that he suffered such a death as Homer tells. The local traditions at Mycenae and the traditions that ran through history pointed Dr. Schliemann the way to Agamemnon's tomb, and what he found in the tombs that he unearthed at Mycenae was more than enough to justify the traditions that had lingered through the centuries. It is reasonable to believe also that a king of a neighboring island found his wife faithful to him when he returned from the war after long wanderings, thanks to the clever device she had used to put suitors off, and that she became as a proverb for her

ROCK SCULPTURES OF AUCHNABREACH, SCOTLAND.
After Sir. J. Lubbock and Sir J. Y. Simpson.

wifely fidelity. Such a death as Agamemnon's and such a device as Penelope's are distinctive, hard for a story-teller to invent, and more likely than not to have happened in such ancient, unsettled times and under such circumstances as the war brought about.

But the King whose body lay buried so richly at Mycenae until his tomb was opened by Schliemann cannot have been called *Agamemnon* during his life, and his Queen cannot have been called *Clytemnestra* when he married her, for these names are allegorical and apply to the events of their later life—Agamemnon can have been called by that name only after his death:

Clytemnestra, κλύτω μνησήρ, *I give ear to a suitor;*

Agamemnon, ἀ'γαμός, *a fatal marriage, a marriage that is no marriage.*

Clytemnestra *gave ear to* her *suitor,* Aegisthus, and she made Agamemnon's *a fatal marriage* by killing him. The poet does not even mention the names by which this King and Queen were actually called in life, and these allegorical names became fixed upon them to the exclusion of the names to which they had answered, even in their home towns, where their tombs were called *Agamemnon's* and *Clytemnestra's* from Homer's day to Schliemann's. The use of these names is proof that the poet used his historic facts as a means to ideal truth, not for their literal value.

Still another fact that bears in upon us as we study the characters and the incidents of Homer is that Democracy was rising, and was near at hand. The first evidence of this is the many unusually horrible crimes ascribed to the members of the House of Atreus, to which Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Aegisthus belonged. An exactly parallel case is argued by Saint Augustine in the *City of God,* where he shows that the early kings of Rome did probably not commit the many unsually horrible crimes ascribed to them, but that at least some of the stories to their discredit were probably started as rumors against them by men of a rising republican party who distrusted kings and were ready to believe the worst against them. When the kings had fallen and the republican party prevailed, these rumors would be passed along as true history. It is a melancholy fact that much of the history that has been given to the world is of this untrustworthy kind, having been written by the victorious party to whiten its own cause and blacken its adversary's. We may well chew upon this profound comment of Saint Augustine's whether we ponder the legendary account of the House of Atreus, or that of Tarquin, or the equally untrustworthy stories that pass as actual history down to the latest times. Men and events should not be judged on the testimony of enemies alone. With this principle in mind, we conclude that the House of Atreus, which seems to have really existed, was probably not so bad as it has been reputed, but that a democratic party, which was forming, and which succeeded in abolishing kings in Greece shortly after Homer's time, made the worst of its members, probably assisted in this work by the great Ionian Bard, who pointed his moral and adorned his tale by painting the Mycenaean, or Spartan Kings into his story.

Homer might well take the hated House from Mycenae to pic-

ture baneful kings, driven to ruin, as an example of what kings ought not to be; he would naturally repeat all that had been told of them by their enemies, and even add artistic shadows of his own to heighten the effect. As his story was mainly romantic and allegorical, it would be nothing against him that he used his facts freely, his theme being general, *good and bad kings, good and bad homes,* and *good and bad men and women.* As with the names of the individual characters, the allegorical name of this house as a whole is notice on the part of the poet to his hearers and readers that literal truth, or history, is not his purpose. The name *Atreus,* derived from ἀτηός, meaning *baneful, driven to ruin,* like the names *Clytemnestra*

TROJABURG AT WISBY, GOTLAND.
After K. Braun's *Wisbyfahrt,* Leipsic, 1882, p. 120.

and *Agamemnon,* would not be used by their friends and supporters in addressing the Kings of this House, but might be used by discontented people murmuring against them, in secret so long as the kings continued to rule, openly as soon as the kings had been deposed, or driven out. Or, this name may have been originated by some person of a foreign or hostile State, to express his reaction to the Mycenaean House—so Homer might have originated it himself.

Homer certainly did not hold a theory that kings can do no wrong, witness his Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Priam; he did

believe that there might be wise and generous kings, witness his Odysseus, who may be taken as representing what the best king would be. Whether or not Homer believed in kings as an institution and preferable to judges, such as had ruled Israel or such as were to constitute the Court of Areopagus after his day, is another question.

Odysseus was a king who had the good of his law-abiding people at heart, as we realize when he cared for one of his men who was killed by falling from a housetop as a result of his drinking too much wine. The man was to blame himself for his accident, and it might be looked upon as a judgment of the gods upon him for his foolishness—persons who looked too much upon the wine when it was red were often punished for it in the Odyssey, as in the book of Proverbs. So this sailor was punished, and Polyphemus, and the men whom Circe turned into swine, "swine" being allegorical, as with us, for those who eat and drink too much. Though Odysseus was in no wise responsible for this foolish companion, he sailed far out of his way to return to the place where the accident had occurred so as to give the body the rites of burial, for the Greeks believed that if the rites of the dead had not been performed the soul must wander disconsolate, unable to attain forgetfulness by crossing the River. Odysseus protected his men well throughout the journey, counselled them well, and had uncommon patience with them, even with the one who was least wise and loyal and who seemed to be trying to start a mutiny against him. It was not his fault that none of his men returned with him when he finally reached home—they had fallen by the way through their own perversity, having, contrary to his advice, "devoured the Kine of the exalted Sun," that is, committed some sin against the god Apollo.

As Homer shows Odysseus, he is a King after the model of the King commanded in Deuteronomy XVII, "his heart not lifted up above his brethren," "not turning aside from the Commandments to the right hand or the left"; and of him Athene, Wisdom, might say, as was written of Abraham, "I know him, that he will command his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do judgment." His ideal as a ruler is that of the Judges and officers of Israel, expressed in Deuteronomy XVI, "They shall judge the people with just judgment," and in practice he is shown very deliberate and cautious in collecting evidence before he forms his judgment against evil-doers. He is even generous in giving the Suitors and the guilty servants a last chance to mend their ways. Where his people "do keep the way of the Lord," as his good slave,

the swineherd Eumaeus does. Odysseus is humanly warm and kind, "as man to man," and democratic if the fact of slavery could be forgotten—if he had lived in the time of Solon, the transition to a true Democracy would not have been so hard for him as for kings of the type of Menelaus and Agamemnon.

However, Odysseus was far from being democratic, and Homer shows just how far in the incident where men of the common people presume to voice their opinion on public policies when an Assembly has been called. As king to king, Odysseus has rebuked Agamemnon sternly and has opposed his policy, for Agamemnon has proposed to give up the seige and go home:

> "Atreus' son, what word has passed the barrier of thy lips! Man of mischief, sure thou shouldst lead some other inglorious army, not be king among us. . . . Be silent, lest some other of the Achaeans hear thy word, that no man should so much as suffer to pass from his mouth. . . . And now I wholly scorn thy thoughts, such words as thou hast uttered, that thou, in the midst of war and battle dost bid us draw down the well-timbered ships to the sea, that more than ever the Trojans should possess their desire . . . and sheer destruction fall upon us."

All of the Chieftains, as well as the Kings, were permitted to speak their minds freely on this question, and even the youngest, Diomedes, opposed the king in the council, "where it is right to do so." It is clear that within that narrow circle, democracy had almost arrived.

But the common people were prevented from speaking and by Odysseus:

> "Wherever man of the people he saw and found him shouting, he drave him with his sceptre and chode him with loud words: 'Good sir, sit still, and hearken to the words of others that are thy betters; thou art no warrior, but a weakling, never reckoned whether in battle or in Council. In no wise can the Achaeans all be kings here. A multitude of masters is no good thing. Let there be one master, one king, to whom the Son of Chronos hath granted it.'"

Among those men of the people whom Odysseus found shouting and silenced was Thersites, who was criticizing Agamemnon hotly and advising his companions to take him at his word and return home, his points against the king being that he was discontented though he lacked nothing, that his tents were full of bronze and of women captives taken by the army, and that he would "gorge himself with meed of honors" but would not give due honor to those who fought for him, as to Achilles and the common soldiers. These charges were all justified, as Homer's story shows, and from our democratic point of view and that of democratic Athens, Thersites was right in his opinion of Agamemnon and of kings is general. Perhaps this speech was the more irritating to Odysseus because it was true, and because it might, if followed by free discussion, lead

the army to give up the seige. His own motive was higher than that of Agamemnon, but he did not propose to discuss that matter, made no reply to the charges that Thersites made, and resorted to insults and blows instead:

"Looking sternly at him, goodly Odysseus came straight to his side and with hard words rebuked him: 'Thersites, reckless of words, shrill orator though thou art, refrain thyself, nor aim to strive singly against kings. For I deem that no mortal is baser than thou of all that with the sons of Atreus came from Ilios. Therefore were it well that thou shouldst not have kings in thy mouth as thou talkest, and utter revilings against them and be on thy watch for departure. . . . But I will tell thee plain, and what I say shall even be brought to pass: If I find thee again raving as now thou art, then may Odysseus' head no longer abide upon his shoulders, nor may I any more be called father of Telemachus, if I take thee not and strip from thee thy garments, thy mantle and tunic that cover thy nakedness, and for thyself send thee weeping to the swift ships, and beat thee out of the Assembly with shameful blows.'

"So spake he, and with his staff smote Thersites' back and shoulders; and he bowed down and a big tear fell from him, and a bloody weal stood up from his back beneath the golden sceptre.

"Then he sat down and was amazed and in pain with helpless look wiped away the tear. But the rest, though they were sorry, laughed lightly at him, and thus would one speak, looking at another standing by: 'Go to, . . . never again, forsooth, will this proud soul henceforth bid him revile the kings with slanderous words.'"

"The more 'tis the truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel," as Robert Burns wrote of a parallel case centuries later. The speakers who agreed with Odysseus that day that Thersites had "slandered" the kings, agreed on other occasions probably, and on the quiet, with Thersites in criticizing Odysseus. When they came to reflect on it, they would realize that Thersites had not been more "reckless in words" than Achilles had been in the Council, and that Odysseus himself had told Agamemnon truths bitterer than Thersites had spoken. Achilles had laid his hand on his sword to threaten the King, while he called him "folkdevouring king," making the same charge that Thersites made, and more vigorously, implying by this epithet "folkdevouring" that he stood with the people against Agamemnon. Not restraining himself from a feeling that majesty hedges a king, Achilles proceeded, "Thou heavy with wine, dog-faced and deer-hearted" (and this, in round terms, would mean *sot, brute* and *coward*), "thou shalt tear the heart within thee that thou didst in no wise honor the best of the Achaeans." Then he put his threat into execution by sulking in his tent and refusing to fight thereafter, although his services were sadly needed and many men of the Grecian army were to die because of his withdrawing. For this, Agamemnon did not punish him, and Odysseus did not punish him—only Apollo punished him, not because he had opposed the king, but because he had considered his own wrongs and his material reward rather than the high cause that his nation had espoused. The sons of

Atreus were given titular honor, and Homer calls Agamemnon "goodly" and "shepherd of the host" . . . where Achilles calls him "folk-devouring" and many incidents show what a baneful king he is to his people and his army, can it be that the poet uses "goodly" and "shepherd" in the spirit of Erasmus, with ironic praise of folly? Throughout the epics, he calls him also "baneful, driven to ruin," which would make him out to be a poor "shepherd," and far from "goodly"!

This incident of Thersites murmuring against the king and beaten for it, is evidence that a democratic spirit was rising in Homer's time, among the people, but was being repressed with violence. When Odysseus beat Thersites into silence, this was not refutation, though it might pass as such for the moment with thoughtless people, especially because the man who administered the beating held a reputation of being unusually wise and just, but as time passed those same thoughtless people would come to understand that Odysseus had prevailed by one of his many wiles over their spokesman, who had been right in the main, telling some wholesome truths about Agamemnon. At the worst, Thersites had been more nearly right than Agamemnon was, and showed a nobler spirit, though not appreciation of the great issues that Athene, and Apollo, and great Odysseus were fighting out at Troy.

As one reads this whole passage, one doubts whether Homer himself in his deepest heart was not with Thersites, although he admired Odysseus greatly and thought that one such king might redeem several of the type of Menelaus and Agamemnon. As between Odysseus and Thersites, Homer is doubtless with Odysseus, but as between Agamemnon and Thersites? . . . He pictured the sons of Atreus too well to let us think that he believed in monarchy under such baneful and ruinous kings. A rapid succession of blunders and conscious wrongs is Agamemnon's reign, with hardly a point to the good. He is incompetent, as he is generally unworthy. How demoralizing, for him to propose to the soldiers to launch the ships and return to Greece, before the matter had even been discussed in Council. How foolish, to call an Assembly late in the day, when the young soldiers would have dulled their judgment by heavy drinking! This, just after he alienated his foremost soldier by doing him an injustice, and that just after he had brought pestilence on his army by wronging a priest of Apollo!

(To Be Continued).

THE GREATEST FAITH OF ALL.

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

Think not, for thus may ye enter into temptation;
Beware of that which is new, for it is false;
Beware of differences, for they are of necessity wicked;
Be not yourselves; be ye pale imitations of others;
See truth, not clearly, but through the mist of thine own pet system!

THESE might well be the accepted commandments of a new, yet an ancient faith. And the name of this religion is Conformity; its god likewise is Conformity. And it is and has always been the greatest faith of all, for there are none like unto it. All it needs is to rise to self-consciousness.

The religion of Conformity is bulwarked in the deepest recesses of the human soul; group psychology and the untutored psyche are its allies; men, far from being the truth seeker par excellence, bows down even to error in its great name and Conformity rules with a mighty sway those humans who are more gregarious than intellectual, more desirous of repose than of truth—and lo the name of these is legion. This faith should at once be nominated for the religion universal and all other petty systems dropped; indeed other religious efforts are not worthy of the name compared to Conformity. For the best that other faiths can do is partially to regulate a man's life in certain very limited and well defined spheres; Conformity is not only unlimited geographically and chronologically but philosophically and generally. It enters in as an element in every region of human activity and it is the real, fundamental religion of those who mechanically voice a thousand diverse creeds, dogmas, tenets and ideals. It is the faith which underlies all other faiths.

For a man may worship the great God Conformity in the manner of his dress, in the matter of his reading, in the way he sits down, in his selection of a political party or a religious affiliation or a secret order. Not one moment need he trust to his own resources. Not once need he think or solve a problem with his lagging intellect. For Conformity doeth all things well.

It is temeritous, it is literally foolhardy for a writer to attempt a critique of this religion, more powerful than any ecclesiastical hierarchy that ever graced this trifling planet. But I am by nature both foolish and honest and I am directed by an inner urge to examine the faith well knowing that I risk all popularity by doing so. In my heresy may lie the explanation for my failure as a writer; and I am doubtless doomed to fail more abjectly than did ever he who found his name upon the *index expurgatorious,* because Conformity is far more powerful and far more dangerous than the Papacy ever was in its palmiest days. For Conformity is stupidly dogmatic and Rome has always been intellectually clever; Conformity plants its feet firmly upon the rock of reaction and impedes the wheel of progress to a full stop, while Rome has had the virtue of movement in some direction at least.

Conformity makes the cut of a coat more important than the cut of a character; it makes personal idiosyncrasies more important than personality; it makes a desire to believe the incomprehensible more important than a desire to be of use to humanity here and now; it makes opinions more important than facts and a disposition to agree about something more important than the character of the something agreed about. Conformity confronts and menaces the honest individual desirous of self-expression at every turn; lo it encompasseth him about with destruction and bringeth desolation unto him. So long as he is content to be like someone else, to ape some popular idol, to do as the "right-thinking" do, comfort and respectability are his. But let him once start to be himself just as honestly and sincerely as he can and immediately his pathway is strewn with stones by those who have been commanded to love one another. Perhaps they are to love one another, but not to love him. He does not have to be an iconoclast to attain the enmity of the Conformists; he absolutely does not have to be disrespectful towards the cherished beliefs of others. He has only to ask a hearing for some gentle examination of commonly accepted dogmas and taboos, and prison yawns for him. Let him, indeed, but retain upon

his head his straw hat later than the day ordained by Conformity for its removal to the ash-can and, in the words of the latter day prophet, "his name is mutt."

One night the eccentric Leo Ornstein played in a typical American city. The house was less than half full and the papers entirely ignored him the next morning. This did not happen because Ornstein is not a genius, for that he is, it was neither because this akward, quick-moving fellow lacks musicianly ability, for this he does not. No. The cause was simply that he has offended the sacred taste of those who worship Conformity in music, i. e., those commonly called "music lovers." When he essayed the Allegro of Beethoven's "Apassionata" and the F sharp Major "Noctourne" of Chopin, he had done what was to them essentially nothing less than sacrilege. He had honestly and sincerely given his own interpretation to these works; but he had, in doing so, touched the Ark of the Covenant of Conformity's Jehovah, and he is henceforth eternally banished from the presence of conforming music lovers, and their illegitimate satellites who ignorantly conform to the taste of the Conformists. When there came the odd glissandos and the "monstrous cacophony" of Ornstein's own "Impressions of Chinatown", the orthodox who had come to revile ground their teeth in well simulated dismay, pursed their lips, shrugged their shoulders and looked at one another with horror—and worse emotions—in their musically cultivated eyes. So we children used to go to the "niggar church" to sit in judgment, though we in reality exposed our own selves to judgment for a shocking exhibition of discourtesy.

Moreover Ornstein added insult to injury; he played Cyril Scott. He might, with a little provocation, enter in upon Strawinsky and other heretical composers given their due by Carl van Vechten in his much needed *Music and Bad Manners,* and commended as antidotes for a concert stage which has become a museum of antiquated music. Ornstein is modern, he is different, he is honest; therefore he offends orthodox taste and Conformity weighs him in the balance and finds him wanting. This sacrifice he is called upon to make to the Unknown God, this penalty he must pay for the privilege of intellectual freedom. Beethoven himself paid that penalty in his day to some extent; Wagner paid it in his, and these saints, after due consideration to the devil's advocate, have been canonized and are now worshiped by Conformists; for the acerbity

of Conformity yields to the ravages of time and the world gradually moves slightly even here.[1]

The religion of Conformity demands in one a certain semi-philosophical drift. It is lenient in a certain lightly shaded area just as all religions are lenient. Roman Catholism, Protestant Episcopaleanism, Unitarianism, even Baptism, all have this adumbrant territory of half-seeing leniency in the matter of what are called, rather disingenuously, non-essential truths! You can be a pantheist and remain a Unitarian; you can believe that Bishop Mannix of Australia is a vile traitor who consorts with Labor and remain a Roman Catholic; you can believe that Jesus Christ was born of woman in a decently prosaic manner and remain an Episcopalean; you can view Baptism rather as an initiatory rite than an admonitory sacrament and remain a Baptist. But you can ultimately reach a point where you will find yourself irrevocably without the pale; at this point you have offended absolutely and you are an outcast. By refusing to conform to "non-essential truths" you may become mildly unpopular and the brethren may feel called upon to work over you a bit; by refusing to conform to essential truths—which essential truths are ways of believing about infinite matters which are incomprehensible to finite minds—you become positively dangerous and manifestly unfit to associate with believers. You might—horror of all horrors—upset their convictions!

And so Conformity is to a certain extent lenient and tolerant. Certain considerations purchase indulgence; certain circumstances are extenuating. Only the general philosophical drift commonly, but erroneously, called "Christian" is necessary; for this drift is generally mildly religious and it is assumed to have something to do with the polyglot of religions united under the term "Christianity". In reality it is merely the philosophical adumbrations of the "right thinking" and it has little or nothing fundamentally to do with organized religion. It is hazy in spots. It is considerate under certain venial circumstances; but there is an irreducible minimum which Conformity imperiously demands and that is final. Moreover, Jew and Gentile, savant and moron, scientist and idealist,

[1] Confer—"*Radicalism in Music*" by Henrietta Straus in *The Nation*, January 5, 1921, wherein we learn of the august body of orthodox New York critics who seek to crush "to atoms the slightest evidence of heretical cacophany" represented by Block, Strawinsky, Propofieff and Ornstein. Even when the "dean" of critics castigated a work by Vassilenko thinking it was of Prokofieff he went his ignorant way undaunted! What matter ignorance in the good cause of the greatest faith of all?

capitalist and laborer are alike addicted to this universal religion and its creed is something as follows:

I believe in God. I do not know what I mean by this, but I believe in God and in cosmic evolution which moves progressively and regularly onward to eternal righteousness, justice, happiness—in short to the Utopia my "set" has in mind. In a vague sort of way I believe in religion and the church as having some vague kind of good influence and in so far as they do not irk men. I believe in the supernatural nature of matrimony, in the sanctity of womanhood, in the sacred privilege of voting, in the bad luck of thirteen and Friday, in "our" kind of government and the world should be made safe for something or other by my country. I do not believe in war, except when my country wages it, and is winning. I do not believe in inhumanity, except when my country practises it on a weak nation as a measure of discipline. I believe in the perniciousness of wealth when I am poor but in the sanctity of the sacred trust of riches when I acquire wealth. I believe in the rightness of everything "they" do for "they" form my criterion of taste. I believe in my country right or wrong. I believe in knowing the right people, in reading the right books, in hearing the right music, in attending the right church, in belonging to the right lodge and in voting the right ticket. I know the moral and the true at a glance. I strongly disbelieve in the differences in things, in the novel, the strange, the modern, in that which evidences true self-expression and in that which I do not understand; these things I dub heretical or dangerously radical and I hate them with a cheerful heart. I believe in my convictions as the last court of eternal verity and I shall neither read nor listen to anything calculated to change them. I believe that everything is for the best, unless I am getting the worst of it. Outside of these few matters go as far as you like for the sky is the limit. Amen.

This tentative effort must be excused for it is perhaps the first formal statement of the creed of Conformity. But the religion has not waited for this. It is already deeply entrenched. It needs neither to propagate nor to proselytize; it counts its devotees everywhere and in every organization; yet hundreds of thousands are not aware of the fact that Conformity is their god. In political parties, in secret orders, in religious sects, in agnostic debating places, in open forums and in closed clubs—there are its worshipers.

The leniency of this creed tends to universalize it. It makes a comfortable belief after all. For instance you may so modify and

attenuate your belief in God as to make it simply a pious hope that some obscure providential force moves esoterically and half-heartedly towards righteousness in this world. Of you may altogether question the theory of progress as Dean Inge has done, but pass muster by affirming an extraordinary faith in a personal diety or in things as they are. You may be the guilty defendant in a divorce case and yet remain within the pale provided your standing in the immortal order of Bradstreet is above reproach.

The devotees of Conformity are endlessly interesting in their myriad variations. They make up much of life's attractiveness and constitute a pastime for the dodderingly feeble minded like myself. Thus I have known Methodists who played a slashing game of billiards; infidel Jews (a double infamy most difficult to exercise) who lived placidly beneath the thumb of their female relatives; infidels who were perfectly immaculate Republicans; Roman Catholics who admired Ornstein; libertines who kept their "word of honor" like the most moral gentlemen. Here in each case we have a person who did certain things rationally and certain other things instinctively.

A man may, for instance, reason quite equitably about community charity, but may instinctively cherish a relative or a friend who is utterly worthless—because that is the thing usually done. He may rationally believe in communism or soviet government (and I flatter myself that I am one of the seven men outside the communist party in the United States who are aware of the difference between these two things) but he may go through the motions of greatly loving his sister simply because it is decreed by Conformity that he do so.

What "they" are doing is the Conformitist's greatest criterion. When a woman declares that she can no longer wear this hat or this dress because "they" are no longer wearing them, verily I say unto you let the man go forth that he may prepare a further sacrifice to the insatiable god Conformity, for his wife instinctively worships. So it is that the books read, the symphonies heard, the picture seen and the speakers listened to *must* be those to which and to whom "they" are now giving "their" attention.

Conformity always tends to remove from the proper domain of rational cogitation certain portions of life and experience. Viewed in one way it is a dead weight on progress; viewed in another it is

a pardonable time saver. It sets aside certain spheres where instinct shall rule supreme and where the intricate and tiresome processes of reasoning may be omitted. And I have no quarrel with Conformity wherein it is efficient. It does actually make it better for all of us to conform to the habit of not cutting one another's throats with insufficient provocation; I really do not feel that a man is justified for assassinating anyone—particularly a perfect stranger—except an inconsiderate cornettist or a Calvinistic parson. It is in all essentials better to meet an accidental collision with another while walking with a "beg pardon" than with a razor. It is more desirable to "line up" in the effort to reach the vaudeville box office window, the seats in a moving picture house or the door of the place where "they sell it" than to shove without discrimination or courtesy.

But as soon as Conformity begins to mean a dumb and unreflective desire to bow down; a tendency to do things with dogged and perverse animal instinctiveness; a supine desire to remain perpetually and utterly ignorant of all that militates against doing these things as "they" do them—then I dust off my battle axe and feel like going forth to combat. I do not say that Ornstein should dominate music, or Mencken literature or Lenin politics or Max Eastman morals. But I do hold that Ornstein is entitled to the same notice given other musicians; that Mencken should have his unbridled say without being calmed down as he always is, except in his own magazine; that Lenin should be given the opportunity for a social experiment which France and the United States a few years ago expected the world to give them; and that Eastman may indulge in common law matrimony without losing caste provided he goes at it honestly and in sincerity. In many matters Conformity is entirely intolerant and knows but one remedy for differences of opinion—repression.

That life carries anywhere I do not know. I have not met anything in my rather comprehensive experience which would make me dare to affirm so much. I have not met anything that would cause me to affirm or to deny God. Although I have read twice as much as the average Christian and twice as tolerantly as the average infidel, I must admit that I really know less than either. Moreover I have somehow constantly found that the people who know the most as Gospel truth are the most ignorant. This non-conforming skepticism makes one rather a spectator of life, yet it lends toler-

ance, humility and sophistication. Death of intellect is after all a matter of opinion largely based upon our respective beliefs about matters upon which absolute truth cannot be known. It really seems a waste of time for us with our small minds to try and explain the nature of this finite bridge of time, buttressed as it is, in the cloud masked realms of infinity. You are justified in saying that you do not think I have depth and in hoping that I may sometime see things as you do; you are justified in a polite effort to convince me. But, as I see it, no one is ever justified in making a paternal assumption of rightness, authority and verity and in demanding Conformity.

Upon him who dares to protest against the almost instinctive taboos of society there descends the consummate wrath of Conformity in all its violence. That his views are not adopted is a small matter; but that, for the crime of being different, he is not even vouchsafed a hearing is a heinous matter. While this is neither a squeal nor a wail of protest a personal allusion will best illustrate what I mean. I cannot protest because I have deliberately chosen unpopularity myself in order to safeguard my intellectual integrity. I trust that I am not as these Publicans here and I am very glad of the fact that I am not.

I happen to know the art of merely making money by writing and I have made it pay. But I turned my back on this. It suddenly dawned upon me that worship of Conformity could never produce literature and that it was a mean way of making a living which stifled the honest best that was in a human. And so I decided to write sincerely what I thought; to give expression to my version of the truth as experience gave it to my mind to apprehend. I became conscientious. I became honest. In doing so I very carefully and successfully prepared the skids into oblivion. I whittled away the Dr. Frank Crane in me; I sand-papered off the Orison Swett Marden; I collated and correlated experience as it came to me. I sought to discard my theories and to sit, as Huxley advised, like a little child in the presence of the facts of nature, innocent alike of preconceived notions and instinctive reactions. I endeavored, as Schopenhauer advises, to cease searching for the Truth I desired to find, but to interrogate facts as they actually exist.

My manuscrips were then interesting, clever, analytical and were sufficiently correct from a technical standpoint; they were even

described as "able." Numerous editors and experienced critics assured me of this and I see no particular virtue inhering in its denial by me.* But these manuscrips were continually rejected because they were not deferential to the religion of Conformity.

Just this week one of these efforts came back from the editor of America's most intelligent religious periodical. I was told that it was interesting, clever, analytical, able and technically correct; but the editor felt called upon to reject it because it did not teach that life "carries anywhere" as he "felt" that life "ought to do;" because it remained honestly, though affirmatively, skeptical and did not seek the "deeper depths" of deism, and because this demonstrated that though my "experience had gone deep," my intellect had not; further because, being written honestly as the writer saw life, it lacked what the editor called "core"—i. e., the unalterable essentials of the sacred creed of Conformity. For this very same reason, differently expressed, this manuscript had been rejected by a score of editors of widely different journals—conservative periodicals, liberal journals of opinion, radical weeklies, magazines of philosophy and essays, of futuristic art and free verse. It flies in the face of Conformity; it presumes to deal directly and naively with facts. Therefore editors find that they cannot cram it into their own rather cramped theories and categories, or that they dare not inflict it upon their Conformity-addicted readers.

These things—and others of diverse nature—are fact for that writer; they constitute truth as Experience has shown him truth. He even finds them adumbrant in many minds and half-expressed by many tongues. He writes of these various things honestly and sincerely as well as respectfully—yet none dare give him a hearing. The answer is—Conformity, the universal religion of the non-thinking mind. And yet he cannot cease to write the truth as he see it; he will not cease, despite rebuffs and contumely, and he will not simply because he must be honest. He is a nobody, to be sure. But think of the really good writers and musicians and artists and philosophers who are doomed to the lack of a hearing for the crime of being themselves.

Even science is not free from the ravages of this virulent

* I take the liberty of saying here that H. L. Mencken read this very Mss and described it without qualification—"It is good stuff"—although he is not in intellectual agreement with me. Any manuscript which, as to form, can suit so captuous, but so discriminating, a critic is not deficient in worth; that is all.

religion. Lavoisier met with its attacks; Darwin had it to fight; Samuel Butler was ignored and denied a hearing by the orthodox doctors; Benjamin Franklin ran into it. Today we see Sigmund Freud insulted and denied a hearing by those who simply will not see a novel or a different theory of psychology gain currency. Einstein runs the same gauntlet.

These men may not be right. Perhaps Freud and Einstein are altogether wrong. I only protest against this universal religion of Conformity which denies us the right even to see. It is the same faith which strikes at Dreiser and Cabell and Upton Sinclair for the crime of writing artistically as they see life; and it condemned Gustave Flaubert before them and thousands before him.

This is not to preach eccentricity for originality's sake or nonconformity as a virtue. Such vagaries end in mere absurdity. It means that Convention impedes the very minute it tends to make instinctive, actions which should be rational, and the very second that it tempts genius, or even talent, to mediocrity. The basis of ultimate and final authority should not be some artificial code, but the sincerity of the writer's inspiration. If his inspiration be sincere and honest at the moment of clairvoyance, the genius or the man of talent has given us a vision. He may at another moment be a libertine, a drunken roue or a Methodist preacher; he may be an agnostic next week and a spiritualist the week after. He may wear neither necktie nor socks and he may be both a communist and a Jew. He may assail our most cherished opinions and our most sacred fallacies. But let no rule of thumb silence him. Let not Conformity banish him to outer darkness. Permit him to state his case. The French Academy time after time has refused to investigate certain matters because they "seemed" worthless or injudicious. Instead, the man should be given a respectful hearing and the decision should rest with what is truly an enlightened public opinion.

One night Godowsky and Powell were to give a joint recital and Powell was compelled to cancel due to what later proved to be her fatal illness. In her stead appeared one of Auer's young pupils, Max Rosen. It so happened that Rosen appeared after the master had played his last group. Instantly the right thinking music lovers arose en masse and walked disdainfully out, reminding me of Christians departing from a speaker who sought to introduce reason into religion. One of these protesting creatures

remarked superciliously to me—"I just simply cannot bear that thing Rosen. He simply nauseates me." Some day, however, "they" will perhaps say that Max Rosen is a master of the bow. Instantly the right thinking music lovers will flock to hear him, say they knew it all the time and applaud him to the echo. Yet Max Rosen will never in the world be able to demonstrate that he is a great violinist unless he gets a hearing.

I can pardon a failure to understand, whether through ignorance or misapprehension. I can gladly pardon a cultured and intelligent difference of opinion which comprehends opposing opinion, recognizes its importance, but cannot adopt it. I can, in fact, pardon almost anything but a willful disposition to refuse to try and understand and to judge, none the less, by the standards of Conformity to some irrational taste or code. For this is the very essence of Conformity at its very worst and, though I am as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, though I give my manuscripts to be burned and roast myself as a heretic, I cannot conform. Nay, I shall not—so far as in me lies—bow down and worship the great God Conformity and I shall endeavor to act as I act and to do as I do for reasons reflective rather than for considerations instinctive.

THE SKEPTIC'S CHALLENGE.

BY HENRY FRANK.

(Continued).

MOTION:

Let me my secret reveal;
I long that the truth shall be known,
Though the ages have saught to conceal,
What so palpably Nature hath shown.

I never began, but have been
Eternally forging ahead,
To a goal no being hath seen,
Nor ever shall finally tread.

I was not on substance impinged,
When Substance lay silent and still,
Nor a corner of Nature twinged,
And aroused it with my will.

I was not by the hand of a God,
Or a push of titanic Might,
Smote with a terrible rod,
And urged to pursue my flight.

I was and have been and shall be,
Without end or beginning in time,
The Source when eternally
Flows Nature's unending rhyme.

I am the soul of all things,
And ever their spirit inspire,
With hope that forever springs
From yearnings that Godward aspire.

On, on, I urge them ahead,
Yet whither, I know not myself;
My feet with tentative tread,
Climb each dang'rous, rocky shelf.

I must go, I must go, I must go,
On the Stream of Eternity,
Whose waters forever flow
To a shoreless and mystical sea.

'Tis I that's the pain in th' heart;
The throb and the pressure of Will;
I smite with the Lover's dart;
'T is I give Life's first thrill.

I gather the atoms as one,
And congregate worlds in space,
From first scintilla to sun,
I am the Urge in the race.

I chisel and crystal the grains
Of sand that lie on the shore:
I build with infinite pains,
The structure of cell and spore.

I push the seed forward to soul,
That moves from mammal to Man;
O'er brains I rumble and roll,
Till thoughts in the mind expand.

Whither, oh, whither away?
I know not, and care not, no why!
'T is my fate to wander and stray,
Wheresoe'er the winds may ply.

I am the good and the bad:
I am love and hardship and hate:
The soul of the glad and the sad:
I am Destiny and Fate.

For of Motion, all things consist:
Without Me the world were naught;
Thou canst not my spirit resist:
I shall determine thy lot.

BRAIN:

Behold the Truth, by Science first proclaimed:
The Sphinx's riddle's solved; the crucial proof
Attained: Creation ne'er began in time;
Eternity is self-evolving: ever
The Wheel of Being revolves unceasingly,
Without beginning and without end! Solved,
The mystery that so long darkened mind!
Primeval Motion, increate, is source
And Mother of all things, inert or quick.
The vast phenomenal brood of Nature's spawn,
Infinitesimal or infinite,
Have, multifarious, sprung from Motion's breast.
Here, then, inherent is thy God, innate,
In very essence of the universe.
With vapid, inane theologic tongue,
Thou pratest of a God and Spirit vague!
What knowest thou of either save in dreams?
Thy gibberish but libels a sane God.
Wrest Him from Nature's Whole, He hangs upheld
By nothing—like a dangling root mid-air,
Unsustenanced by native element,—
A mythic Being in a maze of myth!
Why seek Imagination's palate thus
To tickle with a candied falsehood? Why
Conceive of Spirit separate, discrete,
A Thing apart, the Sense cannot partake
A sublimate figment that confuses thought,
When Nature hints that Energy, inwove,
Innate, eternal, plies its ceaseless power
Unbroken—

MIND:

Base blasphemer, atheist,
And infidel!

BRAIN:

Withhold thy temper! Thus
Truth conquers not: by objurgations or
Abuse!

MIND:

Why, then, abuse the sacred Faith,
Despairing millions of the earth sustains?

BRAIN:

Truth, only, can sustain; all else deceives!
Behold, if Science speaks of God, she thinks
Of Nature's Drama, solemn and sublime:
The shifting scenes and climaxes of time:
She thinks of gentle breeze, or battling storm;
The placid meadows and the smoking hills;
The lightning's dart and thunder's roar in heaven;
The quake that cracks the jowl of trembling earth;
The comet's startling tail; the veiled eclipse;
She thinks of Seasons timed by heaven's clock;
Of atoms, ions that whirl in chemic glee,
Or clash in bitter strife for deadly power;
She sees again the cataclysmic rush
Of primal worlds from roaring, fiery mists;
The slow ascent of soils above the main;
The magic leap of life from slime of sea;
The clutch and clash of claw and wing in strife
For food, and mastery of fit and brave.
She contemplates defeat and victory,
The joy of birth, the tragedy of death,
The majesty of mind and thought's emprise;
And well she knows throughout it all there runs
The irrefragable Thread of Destiny!
When Science thinks of Spirit, 't is not a thing,
Personified; a Being flying round
The universe, to clothe itself, withal,
In dull disguises; or, with challenges
Defiant, mock the feeble flash of man:—
A supremely conscious, pre-existing Self
Which weighs all lesser selves in balances
Unequal! Such false, theologic thought,
Has Science scorned, Philosophy denounced.
They best conceive of Spirit as a Breath,

As inf'nite Energy surcharging space
With ceaseless pulse of Cosmic Urge; a Breath
That throbs in each iota, vibrant with
Slight waves that time its being: Breath that moves
In everlasting motion, and sustains,
And bodies forth, the essence of all worlds.
There is no Void whose vacuum expels
This Spirit; no time it breathed not; nor await,
Millenium hence, its dire exhaustion and
Quietus.

MIND:

Then is Spirit Motion; God
Inert, base Matter, sooth! O shameless faith,
O vulgar mockery! This heritage
Of Death and dun Despair is all, alas,
Proud Science offers to defeated Man!
This matter, I manipulate and mould
As I may choose; or trample 'neath my feet;
That stinks in mire and vulgarises earth;
A thing, unlike myself, I needs must use
Yet hate; this thing, the God I worship and
Adore! Let judgment smite thy pate and blow
Most fit; or don the motley and the bells,
Thou Fool, and dance in Court of Folly; but
Thou can'st not Reason, with such theme convince.

BRAIN:

The vanity of vulgar ignorance
In thy vain speech o'ervaults itself. Hear, then,
O, Misinformed, how all unlike is that
Thou hat'st, from what, myopic vision shapes
To thy dull gaze! Come forth, Thou, that unborn,
Most common of the commonest things appear'st.

(in a deep cave, bubbling slimy-mire boils and bursts forth. Great clumps of it rise and fall; it is seen gradually to form into soil and rock, and then submitting to intense rays of flame and currents of electricity, fuses and dissolves into invisible elements. The elements dissolve into their atoms, and as in a Crookes' Tube the stream of violet-hued ions rush swiftly over the scene till finally they envelop everything, and at last they disappear as they merge in an atmosphere which dissolves from violet into an ultra ray beyond the power of the eye or microscope to witness)

MATTER:

If my essence to vulgarous vision alone be revealed,
And unto the senses opaque and palpable seem,
Man then discerns but the veils and disguises I wear,
For my substance is further removed and deeper concealed
Than vacuous figures that float and dissolve in a dream,
And changeful as shapes of a cloud the winds shatter and tear.

II.

Unbegun, Like Motion, my being is ever extant,
For Motion am I, and my source and myself is he;
In Motion I live, and by motion express and reveal
My infinite forms, my radiance brilliant or scant.
In immediate, manifest stuff, I seem but to be,
Transformed like the vapors the wintry frosts congeal.

III.

To sensuous Man I am aught that his senses compel:
I play o'er his nerves as a wind o'er Aeolian harp,
And tune his impression to rhythms of thought-changing Time.
The colors, the senses discern and the heavens distil,
Are my messengers smiting man's eyeballs, feebly or sharp;
And sounds are the echo that falls from my swift movement's chime.

IV.

None hath yet found me, though oft have I lain in man's grasp.
Ne'er hath eye seen me, nor hand ever touched nor ear
Heard my innermost tone. Forever invisible,
Yet I so palpable seem, men ponder and fear:
For I'm That that men know not, though often they carelessly clasp:—
I exist in the clod though unseen and insensibly felt.

V.

Think not that MYSELF am the stone or the seed or the star;
The bird in the bush, or flower, or swine in the mire;
These are but masques of Myself which thy senses discern:—

I come from the Void and infinite distance afar,
Where Silence sits calm beyond the approach of Time's choir;
Nor heeds it, how sternly the wheels of grim Destiny turn.

VI.

I am brighter than light or the gleam of the fiery thread,
That betimes knits the cloud-rent heavens; more illusive than mist,
That veils the face of the dawn: my essence beyond
The farthermost reaches of sensible stuff, I tread,
With footfall softer than dew that the twilight hath kissed,
And my breath's more faint than zephyr's breath purring a pond.

VII.

I am to man's senses but Nothingness; the approach
To my deep recess is through avenues Thought must conceive;
More worlds have I reared than the genius of man ever dreamed;
Man's mind, undiscerning, heeds not how the scenes encroach
On Mind's sovereign way, and suffer my sway to deceive;
For to Man what is real hath oft unreality seemed!

VIII.

Through millenial, myriad gradations, have I long traversed
My endless, aeonic unfoldment, from nebulous bits;
Urged ever by impulse eternal, Myself hath availed,
For the massive formation of infinite systems dispersed
Through the echoless, icy Void where sovranly sits
The celestial King, whence thro' Me light and life are entailed.

IX.

Though blindly, through ages ascending with faltering wing,
I have flung afar on the Void Time's perennial forms,
Or of living or unliving things, that through aeons were sprent;
For life is the climax of motion from vulgarer thing,
That arose more refined and complex amid clashings and storms,
As onward I travelled toward Mind and the Soul's far ascent.

X.

From molecular movement hath Instinct by habit come forth;
From instinct Emotion, and thence to the Mind's replete thought;
From Matter to Mammal, from Mammal to Man, and his frame,
Undesigned, unforeseen, hath Progress, from far latent birth,
Though empirical Nature oft failed, endurably wrought,
In sublime and increasing achievement, thro' glory and shame.

MIND:

(defiantly)

So, this is, then, the be all and the end
Of Life's prophetic promise! This the blight
That chills the heart of hope; the damp upon
The infant's brow, that hints of death ere life's
Begun! This, the too furtive worm that gnaws
The root and robs the blossoms of life's tree,
Which leaves a stenchful rot where sunny fruit
Should hang! O fie! What mockery and curse,
That these few years should cling so fondly to
Eternity, and, then, with ruthless scythe,
Be smitten and thrown carelessly upon
Time's rubbish heap! Is this the fruitage of
Our sorrows and endeavors, trials and tears,
That some sardonic Demon drag us here,
To mock, with burning thirst, our passion for
Eternal life, that ages cannot quench—
Our hunger sate with venomed food? What use
These years, if ere begun their virtue cease?
Why buffet the untoward waves that halt
From far Hesperian isles if reaching there,
They vanish into mist? Why crack the jaws
Of mountainous Ignorance which darkens earth,
Or sink the shafts of Intellect with sweat
And eager toil, if Knowledge be but hous'd
In some worm-eaten brain that with it rots?
Why should the soul be spangled with bright gems
Of Friendship; why the pendants of fond Love
Disport around the heart and fascinate

With promise of unending joy, if struck,
Ere yet their novelty is worn, with blow
That shatters them to naught? Why 'rich the mind,
With galleries of thought and imagery
Sublime, which oft inspired the heart of Man
To deeds of sacrifice and heroism,
If Mind at last dissolve like crumbling dust?
Why round the heart do clinging tendrils grow
When new-born babe the mother's suckling breast
Exalts, if nevermore, when torn from her,
She shall behold its face? Are these few years,
Like column broken mid-way from its base,
Or master-painting gashed with vandal blade,
Or edifice consumed with roaring flame,
From temporal ruin ne'er to rear again
More noble structures, loftier columns, and
Sublimer art, that shall survive decay?
Then sits a Monster on the rim of Heaven,
Who hurls us here to laugh at our dismay!
Silence! thou seven-deviled Tempter, lest
Earth gape with horror and dash thee into Hell!
There is no Demon deeper-damned than he,
Who seeks to blight the young and blossomed buds
Of Hope with blasts of Doubt! Enough; O Judge,
My pleas is ended; ended thus the shame,
This Boaster's blasphemy would wreak withal!

BRAIN:

What lies beyond the rim of circling heavens,
What dreams may be attained in yon dim realm,
Whereof no proof is valid here, concerns
Not rigid Science. She, too, mourns at the grave,
And in the solemn sanctuary of
Man's common woe, seeks soothing comfort here.
And yet she scorns an idle fancy, fraught
With vacuous promise. Her faith is fastened not
To an unwieldy chain, whose rivets fix
The shackles round her feet and stay her. She
Tests dreams, which if but vacant bubbles prove,
Howe'er their iridescence charm the eye,
She casts aside, despite her appetite

For pleasure and achievement. Peace of mind,
To her, must be no bastard offspring of
False Hope. If gloom and shadow of the Grave
Shall be the everlasting shroud of life.
Beneath whose sable folds no memory throbs,
Calm Science will to simple truth submit.
If universal hope, which temporal life
Inspires here, which conscious thought conceives,
Imagination glimpse—shall prove vain,
Why seize a straw and think 't a succoring cable?
But if with palpable and ample proof
It be sustained—as ultra-violet rays
Which eye sees not, yet proof whereof is sure,—
None shall more cheerfully attest than she,
Who disemboweled Earth to read its past:
The stars dissected; the far-most impulse faint,
Which palpitates in Ether, seized on screen,
And forced it to divulge its chemic source;
Who caught on photographic plate lost worlds,
That flout, a myriad million miles away,
The naked eye of Man! She stands prepared
And unafraid to welcome Nature's facts.
She knows the universe is true, and lies,
An open Book, whose hieroglyphics must
By Man be patiently deciphered, ere
Truth's Riddle be disclosed and Knowledge served
By honest labor. For Truth's surety
Alone can final peace entail.

(To be Continued).

BISHOP BERKELEY'S ESSAY ON MORAL ATTRACTION:

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE INFLUENCE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY NATURAL SCIENCE ON SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES, PH. D.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

IT HAS long been recognized by historians of social, political and economic doctrines that the revival of natural science in the seventeenth century[1] had a remarkable influence upon the development of social, political and economic philosophy during the course of the next two centuries. The students in these fields were profoundly impressed by the fact that Newton, in his law of inverse squares or universal gravitation, had discovered what was believed to be a very simple formula for explaining the nature and movements of the physical universe. It was held that equally simple explanations could be found for social, political and economic phenomena. The English Deists and the French *Philosophes* contended that natural laws governed society as much as the physical universe, and they created the concept of a "natural order" to which, as the divine and physical norm, social institutions should conform.[2] In the field of political theory there developed the notions of the state of nature, natural law, the origin of society in a social contract, and the right of revolution.[3] In economics this notion of "naturalism" was used to defend the economic aspirations of the rising commercial or middle class. In the hands of the Physiocrats and the Classical Economists it was employed to discourage and condemn all legislation limiting economic initiative. At first *laissez-faire* was utilized to secure free trade; later its chief use was to

[1] A. E. Shipley, *The Revival of Science in the Seventeenth Century.*

[2] See J. E. Gillespie, *The Influence of Oversea Expansion on England,* Chaps. vii-ix; O. F. Boucke, *The Development of Economics,* 1750-1900, Chaps. ii-iii.

[3] W. A. Dunning, *Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu.*

obstruct factory legislation.[4] In the field of social philosophy at large, or what later became sociology with Comte, the chief result was to produce attempts to draw analogies between physical forces and laws and social factors and processes. Ultimately this type of thought led to such developments as Comte's *Social Physics,* Herbert Spencer's purely physical interpretation of social in Part II of his *First Principles,* and Professor Giddings' attempt to correlate physical and psychical factors in Book IV of his *Principles of Sociology.*

II. BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY'S EXCURSION INTO SOCIAL PHYSICS, 1713.

It was in this field of social philosophy that Berkeley made his contributions. He was evidently profoundly impressed with Newton's law of inverse squares, and felt that he could apply its significance rather directly to social and moral phenomena. This essay is entitled "Moral Attraction," and shows the analogy between the operation of physical forces in the universe and the psychological attraction between individuals in society. While the attempt to correlate physical and social forces, or in other words to give a physical explanation of society, is very crude and elementary, still the effort is unquestionable and foreshadows the later work of Spencer and Giddings, in which this line of thought has culminated.

Berkeley shows how there is an attraction between all the bodies in the solar system, and, likewise, how in the minds of man there is a principle of attraction which operates in a similar manner and draws people into the various forms of society. In the same way, the nearer physical bodies are placed to each other, the stronger will be their mutual attraction, so also among men those most closely related or resembling each other are most strongly attracted to each other. But at the same time those physical bodies most remote from one another have an attraction for each other, though it may be imperceptible, and, if the stronger attraction of the bodies in close proximity were to be removed, then these remote bodies would be drawn together. So with men, if two who are different meet in a place inhabited by individuals differing from both more than they do from each other, then these two individuals will feel a mutual attraction.[5]

[4] Boucke, op. cit.; Gide and Rist, *History of Economic Doctrines,* Books I, III.

[5] As will be noted this bears a certain resemblance to Professor Giddings' theory of the "consciousness of kind," but Berkeley did not offer it as an explanation of society, but rather as a result of the social instinct, which he was content to explain by the theological assumption that it was due to divine action.

On the other hand there are centrifugal forces in the universe which prevent all the bodies in the solar system from uniting in one mass; similarly, in society, individual passions and desires tend to obstruct the perfect action of the social instinct.[6]

The attractive force in the solar system, he holds, cannot be explained in any other way than by the immediate action of God, and neither can the principle of human sociability. It does not originate, he says, from education, law, or fashion, but is an original gift of the creator. As the attractive principle of the universe is the key to the natural phenomenon, so is the social instinct the source and explanation of all the various actions of man in society which may be called moral. While Berkeley unfortunately stops short of trying to find a psychological explanation for the social instinct, the method which he introduces, the perception of the analogy between physical and mental forces, and the influence of the social instinct upon social activities makes this essay one of the most interesting contributions to social philosophy up to his time, aside from the theories of social genesis which had been offered by several previous authors. It thus seems that as early as 1713 there was a writer who has arrived at at least the rudiments of Prof. Giddings' famous contention that "sociology insists that one fundamental logic underlies the objective or physical, and the subjective or volitional explanations of social phenomena." Berkeley also foreshadows that emphasis on sympathy as a factor in society which was later in the century to be elaborated by Hume and Adam Smith.

III. TEXT OF BERKELEY'S ESSAY ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL ATTRACTION.

The following is the significant part of the text of this important essay:

"I am a man, and have a fellow feeling of everything belonging to a man."

If we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and the intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal, we shall perceive throughout a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise Being: and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same divine power which ordained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

[6] Cf. Spencer, *Principles of Sociology*, Vol. I, Par. 271. And also Part II of the *First Principles*.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and towards the sun, by some secret, uniform, and never ceasing principle. Hence it is that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the larger systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the Spirits or Minds of men a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies, where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other, so it is likewise in the minds of men, *caeteris paribus,* between those who are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action does not show itself by a union or approach of those distant bodies, so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different ways, but would on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species who are distantly related to it is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbors; and, if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople soon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan Europeans would think their being so a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Farther, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter, or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese or other more distant native of our own planet, we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with

him. These are natural reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits around the sun: upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted would show itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which, notwithstanding, doth still exert, and will not fail to show itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate His creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion, but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the Author of our nature.[7]

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phenomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models everyone to that behavior which best suits the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow creatures.[8] Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations which can have no influence on our own. It is this that ex-

[7] It is this failure to attempt to explain the social instinct through the medium of psychology which separates Berkeley from modern sociologists.

[8] Note the reversal of cause and effect, which is inevitable in case the social instinct is viewed as a metaphysical entity of special and original endowment. Most modern sociologists are inclined to believe that sympathy in part accounts for society.

tends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompense. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of Humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is, indeed, a sort of a monster or anomalous production.[9]

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars. First, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of every individual to cherish and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, That it is a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion: our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another'.[10]

The March number of *The Open Court* contains an error, for for which we offer an apology. The author of "A Critical View of Progress" is Robert Shafer, of Wells College, Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York, and not as it reads "F. S. Marvin."

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[9] In spite of Berkeley's shortcomings in the matter of accounting for the social instinct, his method was in many other respects excellent; he endeavored to correlate social and physical forces and causation, and to organize about the social fact all the activities growing out of it. Cf. Giddings, *Principles of Sociology*, pp. 11-12.

[10] *The Works of Berkeley*, Fraser edition, Vol. IV, pp. 186-190.

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